



See War Scenes Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly" by one of Roosevelt's Rough Riders.
Read Clinton Ross's Battle Tale, "The Little Ensign."



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LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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OUR FORMIDABLE SIEGE-GUNS BEFORE SANTIAGO,

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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SPECIAL WAR RATE: One Dollar to December 1st, to all new subscribers who remit at once.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY desires to be in communication with representative newspaper men in every part of the United States and of the world, those who would be willing to furnish special information regarding matters of special interest in their respective localities whenever it might be required. The editor will be glad to receive communications on this subject from responsible persons.

Things That Won't Happen.

UNCERTAINTY is one of the prominent features of war now and always. It is the part of a successful war policy to move upon the enemy in secret and unexpected ways, and to win victories by surprises and cunning stratagems. It may be expected, therefore, that many things will take place in the course of our present war of which the public will have no previous knowledge, and about which it will be idle to speculate. But there are other things which ought to be taken from the list of uncertainties, and the public mind relieved to that extent.

There will be no interference with us by the European Powers, or by any others. We have to thank England in great part for this. Other European nations would have joined in a coercive movement against the United States at the outset of the war if England had consented to act with them. She stood by us, and that ended the matter. We shall be left to fight this war out in our own way in our own time. Neither Germany, Japan, nor Russia will interfere with us in the Philippines. We shall be left to settle that problem as we do our other war problems, according to our own plans.

There will be no intervention from the Vatican. Pope Leo, as a man devoted to the promotion of peace on earth and good will among men, exerted himself to the utmost to prevent the outbreak of hostilities. He made a special effort to induce the Spanish government to come to terms and not prolong the miseries of its subjects by another war. He failed in that, and with that failure his efforts virtually ceased. At no time, before the war began or since, could our government give official recognition to any proposals from Pope Leo. To do so would be to recognize his temporal sovereignty, and this we cannot do. If the Roman pontiff can now persuade Spain to give up her hopeless contest and yield to our just demands, we shall be glad to have him do so, but as to our course of action he can have nothing to say.

There will be no failure or breaking down at any point on the part of the general war policy laid out by our government. Our men on the ships and in the camps will be clothed, fed, and equipped with all that is proper and needful for their most effective service. The officials of our War Department, from Secretary Alger down, and the officers in command at the front understand their business thoroughly, and will prosecute the war to a successful end.

Other things that will not happen are the bombardment of our coast towns by Spanish vessels; the further interference by Spanish war-ships with our operations in the Philippines; a campaign of Spanish privateering on our merchant vessels; the serious alienation from us of France or any other European Power; the ruin of our finances, or the demoralization of our industries because of the war.

The American people need have no further anxiety on any one of the points, no matter what the rumors may be. None of them will take place.

A Silent Educator.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY is a journal of great value, not only because of its excellent articles, but especially those with reference to the war. The illustrations are of a superior order. We do not wonder that this journal is so popular. The illustrations alone are worth the price of the journal.—*Philadelphia Methodist*.

It is doubtful if the real value of the weekly visits of a great pictorial journal to the family circle is fully and generally appreciated. The delight with which children look over popular pictures in any book or publication indicates the intense longing of the receptive youthful mind for instruction as well as amusement. The Hon. Milo M. Acker, ex-member of Assembly, a gentleman widely known in this State, recently remarked that from his early childhood his father, who lived in a little country village, took two publications—the *New York Weekly Tribune* and *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*—and that, as a result, the children of the family grew up with a thorough knowledge of current events, and also a familiarity with the appearance of public men, of notable buildings, and of all important incidents which were found worthy of record and illustration. This knowledge proved to be extremely valuable, and gave the Acker family much of the prominence it enjoyed for many years.

The special offer we are now making of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*

from the date of subscription to December 1st for one dollar, will enable every family in the land to enjoy the privilege of subscribing to this publication, and of thereby preserving a pictorial history of the present notable struggle for humanity's sake. It is a struggle that stimulates every patriotic impulse, and no better investment could be made by the head of a family, for the education of himself and his children, than the expenditure of a dollar for a subscription to *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* during these stirring times. A file of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, if preserved, will for years to come furnish a very useful book of reference and information.

Before Santiago.

(JULY, 1898.)

Who cries that the days of daring are those that are faded far,

That never a light burns planet-bright to be hailed as the hero's star?

Let the deeds of the dead be laureled, the brave of the elder years,

But a song, we say, for the men of to-day who have proved themselves their peers!

High in the vault of the tropic sky is the garish eye of the sun,

And down with its crown of guns a-frown looks the hill-top to be won;

There is the trench where the Spaniard lurks, his hold and his hiding place,

And he who would cross the space between must meet death face to face.

The black mouths belch and thunder, and the shrapnel shrills and flies;

Where are the faint and the fearless, the lads with the dauntless eyes?

Will the moment find them wanting? Nay, but with valor stirred!

Like the leashed hound on the coursing-ground they wait but the warning word.

"Charge!" and the line moves forward, moves with a shout and a swing,

While sharper far than the cactus-thorn is the spiteful bullet's sting.

Now they are out in the open, and now they are breasting the slope,

While into the eyes of death they gaze as into the eyes of hope.

Never they wait nor waver, but on they clamber and on, With "Up with the flag of the stripes and stars, and down with the flag of the don!"

What should they bear through the shot-rent air but rout to the ranks of Spain,

For the blood that throbs in their hearts is the blood of the boys of Anthony Wayne!

See, they have taken the trenches! Where are the foe-men? Gone!

And now "Old Glory" waves in the breeze from the heights of San Juan!

And so, while the dead are laureled, the brave of the elder years,

A song, we say, for the men of to-day who have proved themselves their peers!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Give the Seventh a Chance.

JUSTICE has not been done to the Seventh Regiment, of New York City. Its long record of brave, patriotic, and even heroic achievements apparently counts for naught. But that record will stand, and nothing can change it.

With the first call for troops, the question was asked of the Seventh Regiment, "Do you wish to volunteer in the New York service as individuals for two years, and go where directed?" The regiment said, "No. But as an organized body, do with us as you please." Having its own armory, paid for by its members; its own superb equipments, and an individuality possessed probably by no other regiment in the volunteer service, it is not surprising that the regiment thoughtlessly made this answer. We say "thoughtlessly" because, upon reflection, the regiment quickly recognized that it had made a mistake, and that in the military service there is but one answer to a request, because a request is an order, and an order must always be obeyed.

But the mistake has been manfully acknowledged, and the regiment has cheerfully and without conditions tendered its services to the Governor. Colonel Appleton has had 1,300 men ready for any service, as a regiment, begging the authorities to put them in the field and to let them show their metal. No better men can be found anywhere. They are brave, self-reliant, experienced, capable, educated men—the best in the national guard. Why should they not have the privilege that is accorded at every recruiting-station, to every one else, of entering the service of the country?

What if mistakes have been made? Who has not made them in the course of a life-time? The duty of the hour is to marshal our forces at the front; to put the best and most efficient men in the field. The enlistment of the Seventh Regiment would encourage every man in the service, and the appearance of these gallant New-Yorkers at the battle's front would be as inspiring as was the appearance of Roosevelt's rough riders at Santiago.

Let the Governor give the Seventh Regiment a chance—just one chance—to prove that it is still the pride of New York.

Prizes for War Pictures by Amateurs.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY offers prizes aggregating \$100—\$50 to the first; \$25 to the second; \$10 each to the third and fourth; and \$5 to the fifth, for the best pictures taken by amateurs, of scenes on land or sea, connected with the present war excitement. All are eligible. No limit is placed on the number of photographs submitted by one contestant. But the name and address of the sender, together with the words, "For Amateur Contest," must be written on the back of each picture. The photographs should be mounted. Send in your pictures. Prizes will be awarded on pictures received before November 1st, or as soon as the war closes, if it closes before that date. Address *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Plain Truth.

AMERICA has swallowed the Sandwiches, and expanded colossally to that extent. And a very good beginning it is.

A thousand men volunteered to go with Hobson when he sank the *Merrimac*, but there was room for only seven. But the seven were not greater heroes than the 963 who were left behind.

The Russian government has sent over its agents to find out how we build our war-ships. This shows that at least one of the great Powers of Europe has learned more already than Spain has from this war, and that is that we have a navy that is not to be despised. The Old World Powers may model after our war-ships if they like, but they cannot have our Deweys, Sampsons, Sigbsbees, or Hobsons. They belong to America by original and exclusive right.

Having driven out American fruit and fruit-trees from Germany, on the pretext that a new and dangerous insect has been discovered in them, the Prussian minister of commerce and industry is undertaking a warfare against American shoes. He has asked the shoemakers' unions throughout Germany to obtain samples of American shoes of the cheaper grade, and by cutting and separating the soles and uppers, to prove that they are made of paper, improperly stitched, and of poor workmanship and materials generally. American trade must be pressing our German friends pretty hard.

Every war that we have yet had since we became a nation has put some war hero in the Presidential chair. The war of 1812 gave us Andrew Jackson; William Henry Harrison went into the White House on the cry of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too"; the Mexican War promoted Zachary Taylor to the headship of the nation, and the Civil War gave Ulysses S. Grant two terms in the same office. History will undoubtedly repeat itself in this respect after our war with Spain. Who the man will be this time we shall not venture to predict. It may be Shafter or Dewey or Sampson or Schley or Fitzhugh Lee, or it may be some other hero who has not yet appeared. Of one thing we may be certain, that there will not be an embarrassment of riches, and that the war hero, whoever he may be, will be a formidable candidate. Obviously this will not preclude the re-election of McKinley, the commander-in-chief of the army and navy.

It is the man behind the gun, the world admits, who has always won our naval victories, notably in the war with Spain. And the man behind the gun was the most valuable adjunct of the navy, because he was a practiced man, who, in times of peace, had been prepared for war. The accident to the French liner *Bourgogne*, involving the loss of a ship worth a million and a half and a cargo valued at \$3,000,000, may have been unavoidable. Mishaps, like mistakes, will happen. But the frightful loss of life could have been avoided in whole or in part, had the crew of the *Bourgogne* been trained to meet just such an emergency as that which occurred off Sable Island. Why should not governmental regulations be established requiring every steamship company to thoroughly drill its crew and call its men into action on each trip, to show what they could do in time of peril? Any steamship line that would, of its own volition, follow some such practice would certainly command the confidence of the traveling public. The *Bourgogne* disaster was a fearful blow at the French line. It is the second great casualty of its kind that this line has had. The awful stories in reference to the diabolical conduct of the *Bourgogne* crew will never be forgotten by the traveling public.

The newspapers of this country are beginning to awaken to a sense of the dangers that beset them through unfair competition and from other sources. Chicago has presented a remarkable spectacle recently, one unparalleled in our history, of a great city deprived of its English newspapers. The newspapers of Chicago ceased publication temporarily rather than submit to what was considered an unjust demand by the stereotypers' union. As a result of this action the union quickly offered to compromise, but the battle was fought out and the union lost. All the leading newspapers of New York City have united in an agreement not to sell their publications to news-dealers who insert advertising circulars in papers sold and served by them. The State Editorial Association of New York, at a recent meeting, appointed a committee to appeal to the Governor to protect the newspapers of the State against unfair competition caused by advertising in street-cars and the elevated railroads. It has been found that the charters of the street-car and elevated-railroad lines do not give them the right to do advertising, or any other business except the transportation of passengers. It is estimated that more than \$2,000,000 are diverted annually from daily and weekly newspapers and magazines by illegal advertisements in surface and elevated cars, and the newspapers of this State are determined to abate this nuisance if it is in their power. All this indicates that the newspapers are at last waking up to the necessity of uniting in their own defense, and if united they will win every time.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—THAT nothing may be lacking to impart interest and charm to the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, recently opened at Omaha,



MRS. CLEMENT CHASE.

Nebraska, the managers of that enterprise have appointed a bureau of entertainment, which will look after the social features of the exposition in the same way that the ladies' board at Nashville entertained the guests of the Nashville centennial last summer. The president of the Omaha bureau is Mrs. Clement Chase, the young and beautiful wife of the editor of the Omaha *Excelsior*. The other ladies associated with Mrs. Chase are: Mrs. William A. Redick, secretary; Mrs. Gurdon W. Wattle, Mrs. G. M. Hitchcock, Mrs. John L. Webster, Mrs. George A. Joslyn, Mrs. F. P. Kirkendall, Mrs. C. W. Lyman, Mrs. Henry T. Clarke, and Mrs. John E. Summers, Jr. These ladies composing the bureau have an elegant suite of rooms fitted up for their use in one of the large buildings.

—A young hero who inherited an heroic strain perished in the bloody and, many think, the needless battle in front of



DENNIS MAHAN MICHIE.

Santiago, on the 4th day of July. Dennis Mahan Michie, second lieutenant of the Seventeenth United States Infantry, who fell in front of Santiago, was the son of Colonel P. S. Michie, of West Point; was born at West Point, April 10th, 1870, and was named after Dennis H. Mahan, a distinguished professor of civil and military engineering of West Point, and the father of Captain A. T. Mahan, the world's famous naval expert. Young Michie's father, was for many years Professor Mahan's assistant. Lieutenant Michie was graduated from the Lawrenceville school, New Jersey, in 1888, and was appointed to a cadetship at West Point from the Twenty-ninth Congressional District of New York, by the Hon. Ira Davenport, and was graduated from the Military Academy in 1892. He was foremost in athletics while at West Point, and, as captain, played his foot-ball team at Annapolis in December, 1891, and, though ill at the time, scored a handsome victory. It is a singular fact that his antagonist was young Bagley, who was the first naval officer killed in the war with Spain. Michie was commissioned second lieutenant of the Seventeenth Infantry in 1892, and in suppressing the labor strikes in Colorado in July, 1894, he distinguished himself by the firm and considerate manner with which he compelled obedience to lawful authority. In August, 1897, he was ordered to the infantry and cavalry school at Leavenworth, but, on the breaking out of the war, joined his regiment at Tampa, and was afterwards assigned as aid to General H. S. Hawkins, First Brigade, First Division, Fifth Corps. The young hero's disposition was so cheerful and affectionate that little children intuitively clustered around him and sought his companionship. He was firm in discipline, but his heart was tender and full of friendship for his soldiers when they were in trouble, and they regarded him with the greatest admiration and respect. As an evidence of the profound respect entertained for him and his father, the fact is stated that on the announcement of his death at the front the customary hop at West Point was declared off, and even the usual evening dress-parade was given up.

—The recent appointment by President McKinley of George Bruce Cortelyou, of New York, to be assistant secretary to the President has called attention to the importance of the work done by the staff of the executive mansion, and to the recognition thus accorded a well-known member of the President's official household. For nearly three years prior to July 1st Mr. Cortelyou had been the chief executive clerk to the President. He was born in New York City, July 26th, 1862, and belongs to one of its oldest families, who played a conspicuous part in our Colonial history. His grandfather, Peter Crolius Cortelyou, Sr.,

GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU.

for forty years a member of the type-founding firm of George Bruce & Co., and his father, Peter C. Cortelyou, Jr., were prominent figures in New York's business and social circles a generation ago. He received his education in public and private schools; was graduated from the Hempstead (New York) Institute in 1879; at the State Normal School, Westfield, Massachusetts, in 1882; pursued literary and musical courses at the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston; tutored classes in English literature at Cambridge; returned to New York, studied stenography and engaged in active business. In 1884

he was appointed confidential stenographer in the United States appraiser's office at New York. Resigning upon the change of administration in March, 1885, he became associated with James E. Munson, author of the "Munson System of Phonography." From 1885 to 1889 he was the principal of college preparatory schools in New York, and in 1889 was appointed private secretary to the post office inspector in charge at New York; in March, 1891, confidential secretary to the surveyor of customs at that port, and later private secretary to Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Rathbone; resigned in 1892 and was re-appointed by Assistant Postmaster-General Maxwell, and was acting chief clerk of the office and acting fourth assistant Postmaster-General. In November, 1895, he was appointed stenographer to the President, and in February, 1896, executive clerk to the President. In 1888 he married the youngest daughter of Dr. Hinds, principal of the Hempstead Institute. They have three children. He is a graduate of the law schools of the Georgetown and Columbian universities, receiving from the former the degree of LL.B., from the latter the degree of LL.M. He is a member of the New York Press Club, and has been a frequent contributor to newspapers and magazines. When Mr. Porter became secretary to the President he assigned to the executive clerkship many duties not before associated with the place. In his new position Mr. Cortelyou will continue to have charge of the correspondence, with a supervision of the clerical force. He is the confidential clerk to President McKinley, and to him the President dictates his addresses, messages, and other state papers. Under the direction of Secretary Porter he prepares these documents for the public printer and the press. He also has charge of Mrs. McKinley's correspondence, the arrangement of her receptions, and many details connected with the dispatch of business at the executive mansion. With this appointment to the new assistant secretaryship and the opportunity afforded for a proper assignment of the responsible duties required of the members of the staff, Secretary Porter will be enabled to further increase the efficiency of his office and make it of still greater service to the President and the public.

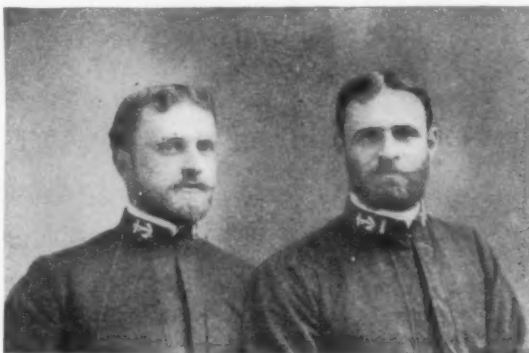
—One of the most promising young men who fell a victim to Spanish bullets in the fatal rush at La Quasina was Sergeant



SERGEANT MARCUS D. RUSSELL.

Marcus D. Russell, of the rough riders. He was killed instantly. Sergeant Russell was born in Troy, New York, thirty-two years ago, and lived all his life in that city. His father, John L. Russell, is one of Troy's wealthiest and most honored citizens. Young Russell's soldierly instincts were developed at St. John's Military Academy, Sing Sing, where he was graduated with high honors. He enlisted in the Sixth Separate Company, National Guard, New York, in 1884, and served his term of five years. On January 1st, 1889, he was appointed an aide-de-camp, with the rank of colonel, on the staff of Governor Hill. When the regiment of rough riders was being formed, Colonel Russell was invited to join, with the rank of sergeant, and promptly accepted. His tent-mate, J. Knox Green, of New Mexico, though wounded himself, hastened, after the battle, to write to Sergeant Russell's mother and keep a promise each had made to his companion that should the other fall in battle the survivor would write the facts home. In his letter Knox wrote: "Marcus died a soldier's death, and a braver lad never lived!"

—Ensign William K. Gise, of the battle-ship *Texas*, whose officers and men are renowned throughout the navy for their excellent and accurate gunnery, distinguished himself at Santiago by making one of the most remarkable shots of the many fired at Admiral Cervera's fleet. When the torpedo-boat destroyers *Furor* and *Pluton* made their dash out of the harbor toward our ships, Captain Philip, of the *Texas*, gave the order to train all the small guns on them. These included a starboard six-pounder forward, commanded by Ensign Gise. After one or two shots at long distance the range was accurately gauged, and Ensign Gise plumped a six-pound shell fair into the boilers of



ENSIGN WILLIAM K. GISE—LIEUTENANT MARK L. BRISTOL.

one of the Spanish torpedo-boat destroyers. There was a loud explosion, a column of smoke and steam jumped high in the air, and the Spanish vessel was *hors du combat*. The *Gloucester*, under Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, finished up the other torpedo-boat destroyer, while the *Texas* at once started after the *Cristobal Colon*, which was trying to escape down the coast. It was a wonderfully effective shot made by Ensign Gise, and the terrible execution it did strikingly illustrates the power of even our small-calibre guns when the proper men are behind them. The credit of discovering Admiral Cervera's fleet when it attempted the fatal and final dash out of Santiago

harbor belongs to Lieutenant Mark L. Bristol, also of the *Texas*. Lieutenant Bristol was officer-of-the-deck, and noticed the smoke of the Spanish fleet before the ships had passed out of the mouth of the harbor. He promptly gave the alarm, the men of the *Texas* were beat to quarters, signals were made to the other ships of Commodore Schley's squadron, and the rest is now glorious history. Lieutenant Bristol is in command of the twelve-inch gun in the forward turret of the *Texas*. His home is in Rahway, New Jersey. Ensign Gise is from Chicago, and was appointed by Senator Mason, of Illinois, to the Naval Academy, from which he was graduated in 1893.

—Aside from the events of the war itself and the gallant exploits of our Deweys and Hobsons, nothing has been more



JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

conspicuous and more remarkable than the ingenuity and the fertility of resource which our great newspapers have displayed in covering the field of war news. No means which the sharp-witted and far-sighted managers of our great journals could devise to obtain fresh, authentic, and circumstantial accounts of all important war events on land and sea have been left untied. Conspicuous among these journals has been the New York *Herald*, under the skilled and experienced direction of Mr. James Gordon Bennett. As usual, the *Herald* has excelled in its news of far-away events. It had the foresight to place one of its best and most reliable correspondents with Admiral Dewey, and was able thus to give to the world the first circumstantial and satisfactory account of the battle of Manila, a stroke of newspaper enterprise so remarkable and brilliant in its character as to elicit the warmest praise of Admiral Dewey himself, as well as of our War Department and the entire press of America. In these respects, as in others, Mr. Bennett is keeping his paper true to its highest traditions as a great newspaperer. Much of his success is due to the fact that he knows and appreciates the best newspaper talent when he finds it, and has gathered around him a staff of men like Mr. William Reick, on whom he can rely to carry out his plans and policies to the letter, even though the editor himself is seldom within 2,000 miles of his home office. Mr. Bennett apparently guides the *Herald* as successfully from Paris as he possibly could do were he in New York, thanks to his special cable.

—To be Governor-General of the Philippines by the grace of Spain was something of an honor, but more of what an American politician would call "a soft snap," a few months ago, when General Augustin y Daisla was given that distinction by the government at Madrid. The office was supposed at that time to be good for three years, a period which General Weyler found sufficient, when he held the place, to amass a fortune of several millions. Perhaps General Augustin would have proved a bright and shining exception to the rule of Spanish Governors-General, and been an honest and capable official. But as luck would have it, Admiral Dewey sailed into Manila about the time that Augustin arrived with his commission, and the latter has since had no chance to amass anything but trouble. Subsequent proceedings have made it necessary for him also to hand over the governorship to an American by the name of Merritt, and that is the worst



GENERAL AUGUSTIN.

trouble of all. With the insurgents pestering him in the rear, and the Americans making things uncomfortable on several other sides, General Augustin's brief tenure of office was far from a happy one. He was a lieutenant-general and commander of the Sixth Army Corps in Spain, and now probably wishes he had held on to that, even if the salary and perquisites were smaller.

—The policy which has for its aim an extension of American power over land and sea commensurate with the new demands and conditions now confronting the nation has no advocates more eloquent or influential than Senator Morgan and Mr. Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, two veteran representatives of the South. As every one knows, Senator Morgan has been foremost in advocacy of Hawaiian annexation from the beginning, and he is now as true and sturdy in his championship of the larger movement which includes the retention of the Philippines and other conquered territory. As for Mr. Watterson, he is taking the only course that could be expected of him as a broad-minded, far-seeing, and thoroughly American citizen. When asked recently whether, in view of recent events, the United States should change its traditional foreign policy, Mr. Watterson expressed himself in the following characteristic fashion: "The traditional stay-at-home and mind-your-own-business policy laid down by Washington was wise for a weak and struggling nation, and, if it could be adhered to, would be wise for every people. But each of the centuries has its own tale of progress to tell, each raises up its own problems to be solved. The difference between a scattered population, fringing the east Atlantic seaboard, and 80,000,000 of people, occupying and traversing the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is too great to admit of contrast."



"what we want is war: war to the knife, we are ready and anxious to show our valor on the field of battle" but



when war comes he finds a convenient retreat in the mountains where the fishing is good and he is perfectly safe.



"I sincerely hope we can settle this trouble without bloodshed war is a terrible thing" but when it comes,



you will find him right near "old glory"

TWO TYPES OF CITIZENSHIP.

THE MAN WHO TALKS AND THE MAN WHO FIGHTS.



THE HERO'S FATHER AND MOTHER.



HOBSON'S BIRTHPLACE AND FORMER HOME.



HOBSON WHEN TWO YEARS OLD.



WHEN HE ENTERED THE NAVAL ACADEMY.



AS AN ENSIGN IN THE NAVY.



HOBSON, THE HERO OF TO-DAY.



EXCHANGED AT LAST!—THE ARMY'S ENTHUSIASTIC GREETING TO HOBSON AS HE COMES THROUGH THE LINES.

LIEUTENANT HOBSON, THE HERO OF THE "MERRIMAC."

[SEE PAGE 75.]

BATTLE TALES.

II.—THE LITTLE ENSIGN.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF HOW THE SPANISH FLAG AT SAN FERNANDEZ WAS LOWERED.

BY CLINTON ROSS.

Author of "Chalmette"; "A Trooper of The Empress"; "Bobbie McDuff";
"The Scarlet Coat"; "The Meddling Hussy."

WHEN I first knew him he was a little red-faced boy in knickerbockers, who was curious about everything, and who knew all the stories about the curiosities his father, the admiral, had gathered in going about many strange seas. A long time after the *New York* was anchored off Tompkinsville, and I went with his brother-in-law to pay him a visit. He was a bit bigger, and what he didn't know about that ship really wasn't worth knowing. He was a charming little chap, rosy when he wasn't all burned and tanned, and smiling and earnest all at once, and you may believe he was glad when the time came giving him the chance of doing what he had so long wanted to do.

Now this is a story that Jim Rollin, marine, tells of the Little Ensign.

I.

It's not my promise, mind you, to write what's been done bad and what's been done good in this war we now are havin'. It's for 'em that makes the war to say and do that kind o' thing. But what Ensign Doran and me did, that's another matter. We did that as well as we could, now you know, and seems to me that we did it pretty well, considerin' what we did do. We did it at any rate as well as we could, and I defy any man to his dyin' day to say that we didn't.

Now it's a funny thing to me to think of what strange craters war brings out, particularly in the way of the millshay. The millshay be domned, some of us fellows say, thinkin' of the naval millshay. But I'm thinkin' that they go into the thing in the right way, and you can't expect to have all the men in these United States to have the trainin' we have, nor to know the color of a yellow Malay from that of a yellow Chinaman, nor a pure dago from him that's Americanized. That reminds, speakin' of the millshay, of what my brother-in-law, Mike Ferguson, writes from Hempstead, and it makes me laugh in my sleeve. For what does Mike do after he has enlisted against my sister Kitty's wishes but go straight and get as roarin' drunk as roarin' could be, and to get put in the guard-house, and then to write me that soldierin' wasn't holidayin' after all; and I says in my sleeve, laughin' like, I guess you'll find, you fellow, that soldierin' means obeyin' before you get through with it. Then he writes home the wimmen were cryin' as the men went out to the war. Blessed if my Kitty wept ever a bit when I went out. It was just "Good-bye, Jim, and don't you get hurt, Jim, boy," and I was gone on many a cruise, though never before to a real war where was shootin' and killin' and breakin' up ships, such as is happenin' in Manila and down here, as you know. And the heat is something to make a man think that it's a blessin' to be a stoker and to be so 'customed to heat that you don't mind whether it's hot or cold. But I'm not under-ratin' the millshay, as some other fellows do, but I say let him hear what we are doin' down here as best we can; and what the admiral, bless him, has been doin' in Manila, and then let him talk. And I am not sayin' that they'll not get it licked into 'em sooner or later. But let 'em talk after they've been fried and boiled in Cuban waters, with, to make it worse now, the rains settin' in, and more—though I'm not a partickler proud man—let him do what Mr. Doran and me did.

You see, Mr. Doran is a little chap, but as an officer, spick and span as you could wish, and I like him, and every man likes him.

And this brings me to the beginnin' of the yarn.

You see we were off San Fernandez—that isn't the name, or some o' 'em reporter fellows will be usin' it, and I'm not sure that Mr. Doran would like to have it told. And we stuck our noses into the harbor and knocked out some works that were built, I guess, in Columbus's day; and around the corner was a piece of works that the captain thought might be taken easily, and Mr. Doran and some men and marines were detailed to do the business. We had our temper up to the boilin' point then—I tell you it was a blessed hot day, too; but the hottest of it all was when there came a shot tumblin' over five of ours. I never had seen men killed in battle before. And how did it make me feel? Well, first sort o' sick, and then mad, and we couldn't fire fast enough—just as the *Hudson's* men felt when they were tryin' to tow the *Winslow* out of the way of the guns of Cardenas with poor Mr. Bagley dead 'board her. Well, by the time we were shellin' San Fernandez things had changed a bit; we were more in the habit o' shellin' and doin' things—though, as I say, I never had been 'board a ship where a shell got its work in.

Then came the order for us to make our landin' and cut some wires we knew were there. And Mr. Doran proceeded to do it all in ship-shape manner. We reached the shore and laughed at 'em pourin' in shots at us. We felt as safe as if we was in New York, for all their firin'. And then we made the rush to shore and up the side to the works, and they clean ran 'way, and Mr. Doran and the Jackies were inside pulling down their guns, and for all the firin' from the forts and gun-boats, we were o' a certain landed at San Fernandez. And all I'm tellin' you was just a few moments, though we were so busy it seemed much longer, and then all o' a sudden the hillside seemed to swarm with 'em little yellow soldiers, like so many ants, and we for all the world were on their ant-hill, and they were ten to us one, which is 'bout a fair average of Spaniard to American, says we all. And we popped 'way at 'em and peppered 'em, making it hot 'nough for 'em, you bet, till our work was done and we was back to the boats, that blessed little officer last o' all—and the men in the boats singin' out to us, and the *Porter*,

which had run close in, firin' as best she could without hittin' 'em as well as us. And then all the place seemed caught in the smoke that was 'bout the bay—and that bay began to swim 'bout my eyes, for the smoke after all was in my head as much as 'bout us, and—well, it was all just smoke, and the crashin' o' little guns, and the roarin' and tearin' o' big ones, till it was all as still as still could be.

I was lookin' 'bout, mind you, when I came to this, and there was a hot, damp smell, like as if there was boilin' water somewhere—this same smell, you know, and I said—and 'twa'n't profane either, for I thought I was near that place—"Where in hell am I?" When there piped up a voice I knew, but with the cheeriness clean gone out o' it, and blessed if it wa'n't the voice of that little officer.

"It's near that place, I'm thinkin', Rollin," says he. "They caught us."

Then I seed we was in as dark and ugly a hole as ever man was put in, and I realized that I had been hit on the head in some way, and that the dagoes had caught Mr. Doran, too, as we was embarkin'.

"This's a devil o' a fix, beggin' your pardon, Mr. Doran," says I.

"Yes, I'm thinkin' that too, Rollin," says he, and whistlin' "Yankee Doodle."

"That tune ain't fittin' in a dago prison," says I.

"Oh, I'm thinkin' they'll hear it rather oftener than'll be to their likin'," says he.

"But it's clear we ain't Deweys," says I. "Now, sir, beggin' your pardon, how did they do it?"

And then he told me how that place really was an ant-hill o' 'em, and how they rushed down and down and 'round us, and how, unbeknownst to myself—I knew it well 'nough now, d—'em—I had been hit on the head; and how, as he was the last man—as he always is, bless him—he was caught; and how the men tried to get us, and how they were forced back and back; and how the firin' was keepin' up, but he was hustled 'way and brought to an officer, who questioned him, sayin' his case would be 'tended to, and that he had been brought here to the prison in the Morro Castle, and how a half-hour ago I had been brought in ravin', bein' clean out o' my head from that dago's blow, and how all to once I'd come to.

"But the ships?" said I.

"They've knocked San Fernandez to smithereens," says he, "but they had no landin' force."

"Oh, well," says I, "a few of us must get into trouble when the dagoes are havin' more'n their share," says I; and he laughed and said that he didn't particularly like this side o' the trouble, but's we was in for it, we was in for it—yes, we was, and we must do so well's we could—cheerin' me, you see, this blessed little officer. I said I s'posed they'd be hangin' us up by the thumbs, or doin' somethin' o' the kind that they do on their ships. And he said that he could stand all they could do to him if I could, when I—he cheerin' me, you see—said I didn't care for the hull army o' Spain, even if I was in one o' their prisons.

"You're all right, Rollin," says he.

And then some time passed and it grew dark, and the rats ran 'bout that blessed hole—we not noticin' 'em in particular—till all at once he spoke up.

"I was thinkin' o' dancin' at Fortress Monroe."

"A girl, I s'pose, Mr. Doran?"

"Yes, Jim," says he, "it was a girl, sure," and he laughed.

"They, whin they're not worse than we are, are a sight better, sir," says I; and I was thinkin' o' Kitty, you may s'pose.

"I wonder what our ships 're doin'," says he, changin' the subject.

"Chasin' 'bout," says I, "tryin' for that mouse o' an admiral," and indeed he was a sly one, and a brave one, too. He's a queer lot, is your Spaniard; a brave lot and a cruel lot, all to once.

So the time passed till there was a clankin' outside in the hall, and a drawin' o' bolts, and prisely the door opened and there was a dark, scowlin' fellow bringin' some 'bad bread's ever was made, and some water, with just behind him one o' 'em pesky little soldiers that you could have blown over, I was thinkin'. From thinkin' to actin' is not a long way, as you'll see. For, says I, after these was gone:

"Now, Mr. Doran, I'm thinkin' we could blow those two over," says I. "Ain't an American marine and an ensign equal to San Fernandez?" says I; and he laughed, and said it was.

So the night sank down over us and we slept as well as we could, and we woke up every now and then thinkin' we heard firin', but we didn't. And once I woke hearin' somebody talkin', and it was the little ensign talkin' in his sleep.

And I went over to him, and I heard him roll over, and says he:

"Oh, that's you, Jim; I thought I was somewhere else. I guess I was talkin' in my sleep."

"I guess you was," says I; and then I told him, there in that place, with the rats scamperin' 'bout, what I'd been thinkin' o', and he said he guessed we could try.

"At least they haven't my parole," says he.

"Don't you give no parole to no Spaniard," says I.

"There're you wrong, Jim," says he; "there are Spanish gentlemen and gentlemen who are officers," says he. "It's easy to see that you can see no good of your enemy."

"When I'm fightin' a man I'm for fightin' him," says I. "That I am."

"But we will try, sir," says I—for he was an officer, you know.

"How old are you, Jim?" says he.

"Nigh unto fifty-four," says I. "And you, Mr. Doran, must be—"

"I'm twenty-three," says he.

Then I saluted there in the darkness, and says I:

"I've sailed these seas and the China seas, and all seas, Mr. Doran. I've been under many a lieutenant o' the marines, Mr. Doran. But now I'm under you, and if you say do this it's done."

"They can no more than shoot us," says he.

"No more than shoot us—bless me! no more," says I, "and they'll fear us a bit more when they hear o' us, an officer and one marine, defyin' the whole garrison o' the Morro Castle o' San Fernandez."

Well, it tickled him mightily, and he chuckled over it till I couldn't stop his chucklin'. It pleased him; for he is only a boy, though an officer, and I a man who has seen many a service, on many seas, as I was tellin' him.

So that night passed, and we heard the same clankin' and pullin' o' bolts, and the same scowlin' fellow with the wee soldier just behind. And as the scowlin' fellow was puttin' down the bread and water I made a jump into the passage, and 'fore you could say Jack Robinson I was on him, and he was down, and I had his musket, and Mr. Doran had choked his man. For he had taken him as much by surprise as I. We shoved 'em in together and closed the door and drew the bolts.

And then, as we stood there in the darkness, we could hear 'em moan.

"What next?" says I.

"Blessed if I know," says the little ensign—though I'm not sure it was blessed that he used; that bein' a favorite word o' mine own, I may be thinkin' other men may use it, you see.

But just then came a boomin' and boomin'. These fellows might have cried all they wanted to, and nobody could have heard 'em. The old hulk o' a buildin' shook and shook. And then all to once there was a crumblin' and tumblin'.

"We've knocked somethin' out o' the Morro Castle o' San Fernandez," says Mr. Doran.

II.

Now, by this time you've seen that I'm a calm man, not in any sense an excitable man; but I tell you it was excitin', standin' there in the dark passage of the Morro Castle of San Fernandez and a-hearin' our ships knockin' thunder clean out o' 'em. Thin it was explained to us why there'd been only the little tin soldier and the scowlin' fellow, all the rest bein' at the guns and answerin' us back as well as they could.

"Well, Rollin, I'm for goin'," says the little ensign.

"Very well, sir; I'm obeyin'," says I; and we poked our way out into a lighter apartment, the guns all the time raisin' the same thunderin' racket I've spoken o'. And there wa'n't a soul there; they'd clean forgotten us, it appeared, havin' only mind for the Yankees outside in the bay, and none whatever for 'em they s'posed they'd locked up safe in the Morro Castle of San Fernandez. And as we waited there, there came another great collapse, and part o' the wall fell in, makin' a great hole and showin' a stair and the sky 'bove, and the flag o' Spain flyin' there, the case bein' that two o' our shells had torn a hole in the castle. And we skipped round lively in the fallin' stone and mortar and timber, the wonder o' it bein' that we wa'n't killed thin and there outright. And when it had quieted a bit, through one hole we could see 'em at their guns, gesticlatin' and rammin', and bein' so mad that they wa'n't shootin' at anything in particular—just shootin' and shootin' 'cause they was so anxious to knock the tar out o' us, and they'd no time for seein' us, who'd forgotten that we was bruised and maimed by the fallin' pieces. And Mr. Doran was cryin', "Good, good," as if he was half-mad. And out to sea, when the smoke 'bout us parted, we could see now and thin the outline o' a ship, when the smoke would let us. Thin all to once Mr. Doran touches me on the arm, and says he:

"Look up there."

And I looked up, not at first comprehendin' his meanin'; but when he went clamberin' up that broken stair, as easy as a cat climbs a tree, I saw what he was after. So I was after him, and presintly he was up there—no one noticin' that we wa'n't killed thin and there outright. And when it had quieted a bit, through one hole we could see 'em at their guns, gesticlatin' and rammin', and bein' so mad that they wa'n't shootin' at anything in particular—just shootin' and shootin' 'cause they was so anxious to knock the tar out o' us, and they'd no time for seein' us, who'd forgotten that we was bruised and maimed by the fallin' pieces. And Mr. Doran was cryin', "Good, good," as if he was half-mad. And out to sea, when the smoke 'bout us parted, we could see now and thin the outline o' a ship, when the smoke would let us. Thin all to once Mr. Doran touches me on the arm, and says he:

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"Look up there."

Well, what did he do but run plum into a yellow man, and there was another yellow man beside him, and the yellow man held Mr. Doran, and I was goin' into the scrap when the first yellow man said, in English:

"We are Cubans, sir, and will hide you."

You see, luck keeps comin' and comin' sumtimes, and the same is also gospel truth of bad luck. Well, our luck kept comin' and comin' and comin', and these yellow men, under the darkness and confusion, got us off that night in a boat, and we was picked up at sunrise by a newspaper tug, and a big fellow who talked a lot 'bout havin' served as correspondent in the Greek war was for interviewin' Mr. Doran, who says:

"I has nothin' to say."

And thin he went for me, and I says:

"Mr. Doran is my officer. I has nothin' to say."

And thin they went for the yellow men, who told a lot more than they knew.

Well, two days after we went over the side of our ship, and Mr. Doran says, quite business like, to the captain:

"I have to report that the wires was cut as directed. that I

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and Marine Rollin was captured, that we escaped in the bombardment, and hauled down the Spanish flag on the Morro Castle of San Fernandez."

Now, I ain't for belittlin' the milishay—not I. Every part o' the service has its uses, God knows. But I do say that no milishay man could have done what Mr. Doran and me done in the Morro Castle of San Fernandez.

(Other "Battle Tales" to follow.)

Talking Spanish.

SELECTED COMMON WORDS AND PHRASES WHICH OUR SOLDIERS OUGHT TO KNOW.

If the expected happens in the course of the present war, and some of our soldiers go astray in the enemy's country, or become mixed up with the Spaniards in the confusion of battle, or suffer imprisonment at their hands, even a slight knowledge of the Spanish vernacular may be of immense advantage to them for obvious reasons.

Many other circumstances can easily be imagined where such a knowledge may be the means of averting unnecessary hardship and suffering, and possibly of saving life. The more knowledge of Spanish the better, but for all practical purposes a limited vocabulary will do. Such a vocabulary has been compiled and printed in folder form by Mr. Isaac A. Wright, of Kansas City, Missouri, for free distribution among our soldiers. The idea is an excellent one, and Mr. Wright deserves commendation for his useful and patriotic service. We give here with a list of the words and phrases compiled by Mr. Wright, with their Spanish equivalents. It may be helpful to remark here that "z" in Spanish is always sounded like the English "th" in "thimble" and "thirst." "C" before "e" and "i" has the same sound. Thus Vizcaya is pronounced "Vithcaya." The Spanish "h" is always silent. The Spanish "j" is pronounced precisely the same as our "h" in "ham." Thus because of their Spanish derivation, the Gila River in Arizona is pronounced "Hela," and San José is "San Hosay." The combination "ll" is always pronounced in Spanish like our "li" in "million," so that "Guamarillo" is pronounced "Gooa-ma-reel-leco."

ENGLISH.	PRONUNCIATION.	SPANISH.
We are your friends.	Noh-so-tros so-mos ah-migos.	Nosotros somos amigos.
We do not want Cuba.	No k-ra-mos coo-bah.	No queremos Cuba.
Where can we get water?	Donday poh-da-mos ob-ta-nair ah-gwa?	Donde podemos obtener agua?
Are you hungry?	T-any usta ahm-bra?	Tiene V. hambre?
I am hungry.	Tengoh ahm-bra.	Tengo hambre.
No, sir, I am not hungry.	No, saynor, no tengoh ahm-bra.	No, señor, no tengo hambre.
Where are Spanish soldiers?	Donday a-stan lohs soldah-dos ace-pawn-yo-lace?	Donde estan los soldados espanoles?
What distance to—	K. dees-tawn-the-ah I day.	Que distancia hay de.
Thank you, sir.	Moo-chas grah-theals sa-nor.	Muchas gracias, señor.
Eat something.	Co-may oostay ai-go.	Come V. algo.
Are you thirsty?	T-na oostay a-yad?	Tiene V. sed?
Where are American soldiers?	Don-day ays-tawn lohs soldah-dohs A-mer-e-kaw-nos?	Donde estan los soldados Americanos?
Madam.	Saynora.	Señora.
I speak little Spanish.	Ah-blo poh-coh calis-teel-ya-no.	Hablo poco Castellano.
Come here.	Ven-gah oos-tay ah-ca.	Venga V. aca.
Stop!	Fah-rah-say!	Parase!
Show me the way to—	Mo-ay-rah-may I cal-me-no?	Muestrame el camino a—
Where.	Donday.	Donde.
Where is the Cuban hospital?	Don-day ays-tah el osp-pee-tahl Coo-bano?	Donde esta el hospital Cubano?
I am sick.	Aystoe ayn-far-mo.	Estoy enfermo.
Please call a doctor.	Seer-vay-say law-mar oon dok-tor.	Servase llamar un doctor.
What time is it?	Kay ohra ays?	Que hora es?
How much cost?	Mo-ay-toe valley?	Cuanto vale?
I want to buy medicine.	Ke-a-ro comb-prar may-day-the-nah.	Quiero comprar medicina.
What is this street?	Co-mo say lya-mow a-tah cal-me-no?	Como se llama esta calle?
Halt, who is there?	Ah-to, ke n-ve-va?	Alto, quien vive?
Friend.	Ah-me-go.	Amigo.
Spaniard.	Ace-pawn-yol.	Espanol.
Relief.	So-co-ro.	Socorro.
Cuban.	Coo-bah-no.	Cubano.
Advance.	Ah-van-tha.	Avanza.
Give countersign.	Ah-gah lah san-yah.	Haga la sena.
Corporal of the guard.	Cah-bob day lah gar-dee-a.	Cabo de la guardia.
Number.	Nu-ma-ro.	Numero.
Go on.	Vah-ah-say.	Vayase.
Yes, sir.	See, saynor.	Si, señor.
No, sir.	No, saynor.	No, señor.
How many?	Quan-tos.	Cuantos.
Give me some.	Dah-may algo-day.	Dame algo de.
Water.	Ah-gwa.	Agua.
Coffee.	Cah-fa.	Cafe.
Horse.	Cah-bal-yo.	Caballo.
Oxen.	Boo-ayes.	Bueyes.
Lay down your arms.	En tray-gahn voo-ays-trahs ahr-mahs.	Entregan vuestras armas.
Good morning.	Boo-a-nos de-ahs.	Buenos dias.
What do you want?	K ke-a-ray, oostay?	Que quiere V?
How far?	K dees-tan-theah?	Que distancia?
Do you know?	Sah-ba, oostay?	¿Sabe V?
Many thanks.	Moo-chahs gra-theals.	Muchas gracias.
Which way to—?	Por don-da voy a—?	Por donde voy a—?
Tell me.	De-gah-ma.	Digame.
Meat.	Kar-na.	Carne.
Bread.	Pahn.	Pan.
Milk.	Lay-cha.	Leche.
I want.	Ke-a-ro.	Quiero.
Night.	No-cha.	Noche.
Sister.	Ahr-ma-naw.	Hermana.
Yes.	Se.	Si.
Brother.	Ahr-ma-no.	Hermano.
Wife.	Moo-hcr.	Mujer.
1.	oo-no.	uno.
2.	doce.	dos.
3.	trece.	tres.
4.	quat-ro.	cuatro.
5.	theen-co.	cinco.
6.	sace.	seis.
7.	see-a-ta.	siete.
8.	oh-cho.	ocho.
9.	nue-a-va.	nueve.
10.	d-ath.	diez.
Infantry.	Een-fan-ta-re-ah.	Infanteria.
Cavalry.	Ca-baw-yea-re-ah.	Caballeria.
Artillery.	Ar-teel-yea-re-ah.	Artilleria.
Flour.	Ar-ce-na.	Harina.
Mother.	Ma-dray.	Madre.
Son.	Ee-ho.	Hijo.
Children.	Neen-yos.	Ninos.
Are the roads good to—?	Son-lohs, cah-me-nohs boo-a-nohs ah?	¿Son los caminos buenos a—?
What can I do to assist you?	N-K poo-a-do yo ah-you-dar ah oostay?	¿En que puedo yo ayudar a Vd?
What is the name of that, these, those?	Co-mo sa yah-ma a-so-es-toh, ah-K-lyohs?	¿Co-mo se llama eso-estos, aquellos?
Merchant Ship.	Bar-ko mer-kahn-teel.	Barco mercantil.

ENGLISH.	PRONUNCIATION.	SPANISH.
Life Boats.	Boo-ka da so-cor-ro.	Buque de socorro.
Surrender.	N-tra-gar-say, or ren-dair-say.	Entregarse, or render Se.
Ship.	Bar-co.	Barco.
War Ship.	Boo-ka-da-gayr-rah.	Buque-de-guerra
Shilling (12½c).	Ra-ahl.	Real (12½c).
2 Shillings.	Dohs ra-ah-les.	Dos Reales.
Pistol.	Pis-toh-lah.	Pistola.
Pistol Shot.	Pis-toh-lah-zo.	Pistolazo.
Officer.	Oh-fee-thie-ahl.	Oficial.
Admiral.	Ahl-me-nah-thi.	Almirante.
Commodore.	Com-mo-dor.	Commodor.
General.	Hen-a rahl.	General.
Colonel.	Co-ro-nel.	Coronel.
Lieutenant-Colonel.	Ta-ne-n-ta Co-ro-nel.	Teniente-Coronel.
Major.	Mah-yor.	Mayor.
Surgeon.	Thie-ru-hah-no.	Cirujano.
Adjutant.	Ahd-hoo-tahn-ta.	Adjutante.
Captain.	Cah-pee-tawn.	Capitan.
Sergeant.	Sahr-heh-to.	Sargento.
Corporal.	Cohr-po-rah.	Corporal.
Gun.	Foo-seel.	Fuñil.
Gun Shot.	S-coh-pa-tah-tho.	Escopetazo.
Cannon.	Con-yo-nah-tho.	Canon.
Cannon Shot.	Poo-ay-da-oostay.	Canonazo.
Can you—	Poo-ay-do.	Puede V.
I can.	Ays-tah tar-day.	Puedo.
This evening.	Boo-ta-lyah.	Esta Tarde.
Bottle.	Mahn-ta-quee-lyah.	Botella.
Butter.	Vee-nah-gray.	Mantequilla.
Vinegar.	Sahl.	Vinagre.
Salt.	Ven-tah-nah.	Sal.
Window.	Hah-moan.	Ventana.
Ham.	Way-vohs.	Jamon.
Eggs.	Car-na-ro.	Huevos.
Veal.	Ter-na-rah.	Carnero.
Breakfast.	Ahl-moo-er-tho.	Ternera.
Dinner.	Co-mee-dah.	Almuerzo.
Supper.	The-nah.	Comida.
To assist.	Ah-sis-teer.	Cena.
To help.	Ah-you-dahr.	Aistirs.
To kill.	Mah-tar.	Ayudar.
Dead.	Moo-er-to.	Matar.
Alive.	Ve-vo.	Muerto.
To enlist.	Ah-lees-tar-sa.	Vivo.
Traitor.	Ahr-ee-toor.	Alistarse.
To declare war.	Da-clah-rah-rah lah gayr-rah.	Traitor.
The war.	Lah gayr-rah.	Declarar la guerra.
Peace.	Path.	La guerra.
Liberty.	Lee-ber-tah.	Paz.
Mule.	Moo-lo.	Libertad.
Wagon.	Kah-ra-tohn.	Mulo.
Glory.	Glo-ree-ah.	Carreton.
Flag.	Bahn-da-rah.	Gloria.
Umbrella.	Par-ah-gooass.	Bandera.
Parasol.	Par-ah-sole.	Paraguas.
Hat.	Sohm-bra-ro.	Parasol.
Uniform.	Oo-nee-for-mah.	Sombrero.
Coat.	Kah-sah-kah.	Uniforma.
Pantaloon.	Pahn-tah-loh-nes.	Casaca.
Boots.	Boh-tahs.	Pantalones.
Ammunition.	Moo-ne-theon.	Botas.
Overcoat.	So-bra-toh-doh.	Municion.
Necessity.	Nay-thee-see-dad.	Sobretodo.
Arsenal.	Ahr-say-nahl.	Necesidad.
Wound.	Ay-ree-dah.	Arsenal.
Wounded.	Ay-ree-doh.	Herida.
Harness.	T-rah-ta-rah.	Herido.
		Tirriteras.

The Gift of Gentle Women.

THE ARMY HOSPITAL-SHIP "RELIEF," PRESENTED TO THE GOVERNMENT BY THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

THE army hospital-ship *Relief*, formerly the *John Englis*, presented to the government by the Daughters of the American Revolution, sailed for Santiago on a recent Saturday afternoon. Laden to overflowing with comforts and luxuries for our brave boys in Cuba, fully equipped with everything that science can invent and skill apply to make their suffering less, she goes to them well named. Her "wards" for 600 stretch cool and clean between decks, the cots "made up," the marble baths in readiness. Over the highest deck the awning stretches all its length to shelter comfortable reclining-chairs where pure sea-air and shade and quiet shall strengthen and refresh the convalescent. The ice plant down below sweats frost and snow, laboring to produce for them six tons of ice per day. The siphons, filled with water first distilled from salt, then charged from the carbonating machine on board, stand near at hand in inexhaustible supply. The great ice-closets chill one deliciously as their doors are opened for a peep inside at meat enough to last 500 very hungry men—and women—thirty days.

One does not linger quite so long, this weather, in the steam laundry, baking-room, and kitchens, but a glance can take in their completeness. On the next deck the surgeons' quarters open into a small passage-way, a series of cozy bed-rooms and studies combined, with standing beds and writing-desks of light polished oak. A private bath-room and a long, cool dining-room complete their comfortable lodgings, and the six trained female nurses in another part of the ship are quite as well put up. They also have their cabins, hanging lockers, bath room, and pretty dining-room with windows looking directly out upon the sea, and their small dining-table glows with lovely roses, a parting smile from the friends they leave behind them. No words can over-praise the courage, skill, and heroism of these six young women, who, from experience of hospitals, face with full realization the horrors they are going to. Their

is not the untried romantic impulse that so often ends disastrously at sight of "first blood," but an even nobler, because more deliberate, sacrifice.

In examining all the cheerful preparation for the comfort of the corps of workers, we had almost overlooked the grim, sad purpose of their going forth, but as we leave the ship the clicking generator for the X-ray and the ghastly paraphernalia of the operating-room sober and sadden us, and we silently wring outstretched hands and look into strong, faithful eyes, and step ashore. Standing upon the pier, we turn at last to wave God-speed to them. There they stand—not more than fifty of them—surgeons, male and female nurses—all; but a little band of life-savers stronger in training, courage, and experience than twice their number, a spotless line of white uniforms against the deck railing, with one touch of black among them, the figure of Mrs. J. Addison Porter, the wife of the President's private secretary, who by special permission goes out with them to join Miss Clara Barton. Slowly and silently, but with their red cross flying and the green band about her which marks their ship "the merciful," they glide out from us to sight and sound of awful agony and death. And with hearts too full of reverence for anything but silence, we stand and watch them go to nurse and save, or—make the ending easier for those no more heroic ones who wait them in the South.

ROSALIE M. JONAS.

Cuba Free.

LIKE Cinderella in her tattered gown,
She sits barefooted in the ashes there,
Robbed of her sceptre and her throne and crown,
A beggar-child, once fairest of the fair.

Take courage, little orphan! There shall be
A morn of triumph for thy night of woes;
There is a necklace and a ring for thee,
A silken garment and a wreath of rose.

Like Juliet in her old ancestral halls,
Beset by foemen and their treacherous spies,
She gazes at the grim, forbidding walls,
And spends the weary day in sobs and sighs.

Fear not! For Freedom is thy Romeo,
And he shall snatch thee from thy hateful cell,
Though three-score thousand vassals bid him go,
And three-score thousand churls stand sentinel.

Oh, captive maiden, though thy castle tower
Be girt with fifty battlements of stone,
Though flaming dragons should surround thy bower,
Thy lover soon shall win thee for his own.

So thou shalt come forth blushing by his side,
From dungeon, iron gate, and granite wall,
His fairy princess and his beauteous bride—
For he shall woo and wed thee, spite of all.

WALTER MALONE.

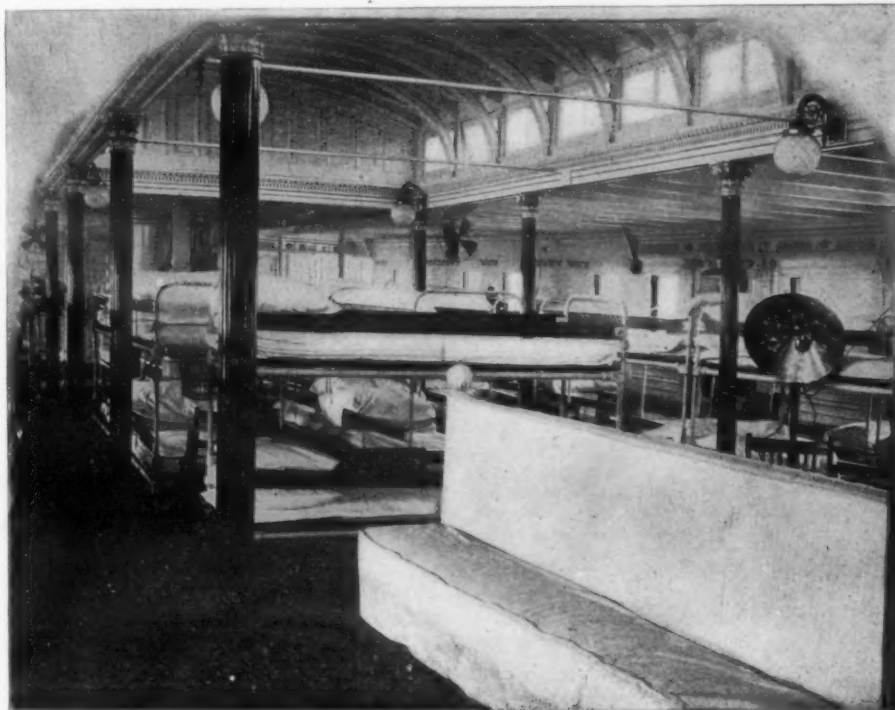
Ancestry of American Heroes.

We have received the following:

BLACKROCK, CORK, IRELAND, June 20th, 1898.

Editor Leslie's Weekly: Sir—I get your paper regularly and have been much interested in your series of articles dealing with the Anglo-American projected alliance. But in your issue of 16th instant, dealing with the ancestry of your present gallant commanders, I cannot altogether agree with the deductions you arrive at as to their Anglo-Saxon descent. Sir, as to Admiral Dewey (are there Deweys in Kent?), Dewey is from the pure Celtic O'Duhig (Anglice—Duhig, or Dewey), like Chauncey from O'Shaughnessy. You also say Sampson is Anglo-Saxon; well, sir, one may perhaps not deny the immediate progenitors, but is he not rather of Jewish extraction? Let us hope, like his great ancestor of Bible fame, he is equal to strangling a lion (or twisting his tail should necessity arise), and if he has no gates of Gaza to carry off one can only admire the equanimity with which he bears the load of responsibility placed on his shoulders. As to "Fighting Bob" Evans, good Heavens, sir! Evans is pure Cymro-Celtic, and savors of the leek and cheese in its very sound. As to the great Lees, you say they are pure English, but indeed I think we could claim the Lees, too. A friend of mine of that name, who lives on the "banks of the River Lee," can trace his ancestry back for 600 years, before the Norman (mark you), with the Saxon in his train as serf and scullion, set foot as far south as this. The gallant Bagley, too (rest his soul), is simply Celtic Begley. Sir, I have not space to consider your further names, but I have mind to consider your patience, and before closing venture to say that I am of Saxon descent, but have become "more Irish than the Irish themselves," and would fain break a lance for Ireland and Irishmen when I can. Sir, with apologies,

GEO. M. HALL.



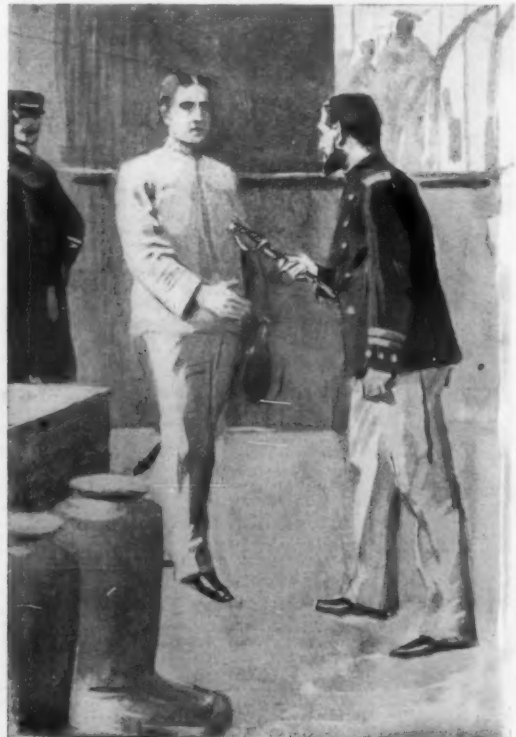
WARD ON HOSPITAL-SHIP "RELIEF."



CAPTAIN PHILIP, OF THE "TEXAS," AS SOON AS THE BATTLE IS OVER, CALLS UPON HIS MEN TO GIVE THANKS TO ALMIGHTY GOD.



AN AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICER ASSURING WOUNDED SPANISH SAILORS ON THE BEACH THAT THE CUBANS WILL NOT BE PERMITTED TO MASSACRE THEM.



CAPTAIN "BOB" EVANS OF THE "IOWA" COURTEOUSLY DECLINES TO ACCEPT THE SURRENDER OF THE SWORD OF CAPTAIN KULATE OF THE "VIZCAYA," BUT OFFERS HIM HIS HAND.

THE GREATEST NAVAL VICTORY

VICTORS WHO ARE AS CHIVALROUS IN TRIUMPH AS



VAIN ATTEMPT OF THE SPANISH TO BLOCK SANTIAGO HARBOR AFTER THE BATTLE, BY RUNNING THE CRUISER "ILINA MERCEDES" ASHORE IN THE NARROW CHANNEL.



LAST PLUNGE OF THE SPANISH TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "FUROR," AFTER SHE HAD BEEN RIDDLED BY THE PLUCKY LITTLE YACHT "GLOUCESTER."

VICTORY OF MODERN TIMES.

S IN TRIUMPH AS THEY ARE BRAVE IN BATTLE.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

A Woman in Camp.

TERESA DEAN MESSES WITH THE SOLDIERS AT CHICKAMAUGA AND LIKES THEIR SAVORY STEW AND BLACK COFFEE—SHE TELLS JUST WHAT THE SOLDIERS NEED AND WHAT THEIR FRIENDS AT HOME SHOULD SEND TO THEM.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

CHICKAMAUGA, GEORGIA, July 10th, 1898.—Last night I "messed" with Troop C, of the First Illinois Cavalry. I was not exactly invited, but it was not my fault; I did all that I could to get an invitation, and then, failing, invited myself. The really mean thing about it was, that when those boys—they are all "boys," young and old ones—when those boys found that I did not object to one course, and that one minus napkins, table-cloth, ice and butter, they all acted as if they had anxiously wanted me to mess with them, and had extended in the beginning the most cordial hospitality. But they hadn't. When I finally announced that I was going to mess with them their faces expressed pity for me. One of them, however, who was on the sick-list, loaned me his tin cup, tin plate, and tin frying-pan, and his seat at the mess-table.

To return to my mess. Reddy was dishing the stew. I knew Reddy. Reddy, in private life—well, Reddy is in "private" life now. In times of peace, instead of war against "inhumanity," Reddy is an elegant swell, from an elegant family in Chicago's South Side society. Reddy seemed to feel that using wash-boilers for cooking purposes needed an explanation. As he brought the ladleful of the savory stew to my "pan," he said:

"Madam"—Reddy never forgets his manners, in dress-suit or while dishing stews—"I beg you will kindly bear in mind that these boilers have never been defiled, and have never been used and will never be used for anything but cooking purposes."

That stew was not bad. It was made of the stuff furnished by Uncle Sam. There was a bit of fresh beef two or three inches square, a nicely peeled new potato, and beans. It needed, to my taste, a little more salt, but the "non-coms" said my "taste was not military"; that if I continued on in the habit of liking too much salt, when I arrived in Cuba or where water was scarce, salt would demoralize my thirst appetite; that I must cultivate a taste for low seasoning, instead of high. The dust at Chickamauga is white, fine and penetrating. My thirst just then was overpowering me, so I reached for the coffee-cup, which could hold a quart. The coffee was without cream or milk, but was hot, sugared, and refreshing. I declared the coffee excellent.

"Yes," said another "non-com," "you are probably lined with Chickamauga dust. There is nothing in the world quite so good as this coffee, particularly after a mounted drill. Its thick blackness simply annihilates white dust."

On examination of the troop commissary department afterward, I found they were getting real coffee, which they roast themselves. The bread was white and light, and the meal, when this troop gets into actual service, will be remembered as equal to a first-class hotel one.

Each man washed his own dishes and polished them off with left-over pieces of bread and some clean sand. Down beyond the kitchen was a water-pipe coming from the creek or river, which furnished water for cooking, washing, and bathing. Here, too, was a bath-house, made of four poles and a length of canvas running around. One of the boys had loaned me for the meal a combination knife, fork and spoon that had been sent to him in a home box. It was, when folded, about three and a half inches long. He carried it in his pocket, and he was, in the possession of it, the envy of every man in the troop, and also the regiment. At the table, as we were discussing the convenience of the combination knife, fork and spoon and the contents of home boxes, I asked them what, in their opinion, were the things most needed, aside from most wanted. Here is the list as voiced by every one within speaking distance:

1. Towels and soap.
2. A "housewife," containing one pair of scissors, a dozen large safety-pins, a dozen steel trouser-buttons, a dozen bone buttons, six pairs black shoe-laces, a flannel pad for needles, six large needles, six medium-sized ones, a skein of heavy white cotton and one of black linen or shoe-thread, a tailor's thimble, a small emery, court-plaster, and a comb. This "housewife" can be made of denim or drilling—a flat strip with flat pockets stitched on, and stitched off into compartments.
3. Handkerchiefs. Handkerchiefs are a positive necessity for any degree of comfort in this dusty, sandy, perspiring climate.
4. Dark-blue "regulation" percaline or sateen shirts. The government furnishes flannel ones, but a couple of the lighter sateen ones—made exactly in the same way, sold at department-stores for about seventy-five cents apiece—would be a godsend.
5. Pajamas! It sounds a bit strained, but pajamas are having their day, as well as their night, in camp among those who can afford them. In coming in from drill hot and dusty and tired, to slip into these comfortable, loose garments is luxury. These, too, made of dark-blue sateen or French flannel, would be most serviceable.

In sending things it must always be in mind that a soldier must carry his possessions. The underclothing, shoes, stockings, and uniforms that the government is furnishing are of the best quality, and as the quartermasters are gradually learning their duties our volunteers are being excellently clothed. In addition to these things I would provide every soldier—and officer also, for that matter—with a bottle of Jamaica ginger, some liver pills, and some three-grain quinine pills. Sick-call is once a day—six o'clock in the morning. There is a lot of time for pain between the attack and sick-call. It is another story and a long one, but our volunteer army does not know how to take care of itself individually. It will learn, but homes will be broken forever in the learning.

I have wandered a bit from my "mess." My one thought was to give you an idea of the mess as I found it personally. Nearly all of the troops of the First Illinois Cavalry have a cook. Troop C has a colored one to whom they pay twenty dollars a month. They "fire" him and engage him over again daily for discipline. The food at Chickamauga is wholesome, but water is not plentiful. If bathing is indulged in extensively the horses suffer. The drinking-water is not very near—it being brought to some regiments four miles. The other day, when a mishap knocked over and spilled two barrels of it that

had just been brought up, a groan from the boys went up that was alarming. Water to drink is as precious as gold.

TERESA DEAN.

The Truth about the Insurgents.

OUR CORRESPONDENT'S INTERVIEWS WITH GENERALS GARCIA AND RABI—THE INSURGENTS A QUEER LOT, BUT THEIR OFFICERS MEN OF ABILITY AND COURAGE—ILLUSIONS ABOUT CUBA DISPELLED.

(From our Special Correspondent with Commodore Schley.)

OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, June 21st, 1898.—I have been in the camps of General Garcia, of the Cuban army, and of General Jesus Rabi, known as the "fighting general" of the Cuban army. I have spent two days and a night in these two camps, and have been within two miles, easy rifle-range, of the Spanish lines. My experience has been so different from the hair-raising ones of the Davis, Scovel, Crane, Remington coterie that I must relate it. I went unarmed, and the second day alone. I saw nothing particularly harrowing, except that my innate modesty was somewhat shocked at a comparative nudity that did not seem to worry the native. I was out on the picket-line, and saw Spanish soldiers very closely, but they did not fire. The country was not picturesque, nor were the camps, except the palm-thatched retreats of the officers. Everything was dirty. Enterprising American soap-manufacturers could obtain splendid advertisement by cleaning the Cuban army—officers and men alike—and having pictures of "before and after" used as an illustration.

There were no beautiful sunsets or brilliant sunrises while I was there. It is a peculiar feature of the Cuban landscape that night succeeds day without any picturesque displays of color, and so suddenly that there is nothing that can be called twilight. In the same way the sun comes up in the morning with a shoot, putting the stars out as suddenly as if they were worked by an electric button, and by the time you get it through your head that the sun is up you also discover that it is red hot. Everything is absolutely monotonous, and you long for the changes in atmosphere and color and temperature that come with varied life in the North. The only bits of color I saw were on a couple of nasty chattering paroquets who woke me early in the morning.

The officers I met with were a very good-looking lot of men and many of them well educated and able to speak English. Garcia himself is a splendid specimen of manhood. Fifty-eight years old, straight and dignified of carriage and courteous, he is a splendid type of the commander in the field. General Rabi is black and does not speak English, but is a fine soldier and a true patriot. But the rank and file! In Garcia's army were some very good-looking soldiers, but in Rabi's army were some villainous-looking faces. Patriots! Oh, yes, but on either side of the fence. If the Spanish treated them well they would fight for Spain. As it doesn't, they fight with the few patriotic Cubans because they manage to get enough to eat and can lounge and sleep in some sort of security. There is one thing, however, that is remarkable, and that is the wonderful control that the men in command have over the forces. Where the officer leads the men will follow, and follow to the death.

I went into Cuba on Sunday, June 20th, at a point about seventeen miles west of Santiago. I had a small boat to convey me, a camera and a pair of field-glasses, but no weapons. From the boat, which could not be induced to run up far on the beach, I was carried ashore by a burly Cuban, to whom I afterwards presented a cigarette and a cake of soap. A lieutenant-colonel afterwards relieved him of the soap, and he did not raise much objection, but refused to give up the cigarette. I got some of the men to group themselves, and then I took a picture. A couple of generals, two or three colonels, and I know not how many majors, greeted me and got me with much difficulty on the back of a mule, after which interesting operation we started for General Rabi's camp. The men ahead of me rode quite rapidly, but my mule persisted in walking, and the wicked way he put his ears back when I thumped his side made me not eager to go faster. The stirrups were made for a man with long legs, and I haven't sat down with comfort since. A pair of spurs might have helped me, but I forbore asking when I noticed that two generals had one pair between them.

When we got into camp General Rabi received me with much courtesy and gave me his general idea of the strength of the Santiago forts and the plans we hoped to follow in landing the army. All that, however, is a matter of history, or will be by the time you receive this letter. Later I went to General Garcia's camp and passed a very pleasant hour with him, discussing the plans of campaign. We sipped at delicious coffee, had plain but substantial meals, and altogether a pleasant time. I listened intently for the "ping" of Spanish bullets and the rush of a Spanish charge, but they did not come. Perhaps I was not as fortunate as the rest of my newspaper brethren, but I took comfort in General Garcia's statement, that such attacks were very rare unless the Cubans attacked first.

I had an interesting conversation with the staff surgeon of Garcia, in which he told me some things that will be sure to sound pleasant to the ears of those who have friends or relatives with the invading army. The climate along the coast is not dangerous, particularly at the points at which the troops are to land. There is no yellow fever, but only a slight malarial fever that can be prevented by care and quinine. General Rabi and General Garcia moved to the coast as soon as the American army was sighted.

GEORGE EDWARD GRAHAM.

Yellow Fever at Key West.

A SINGLE SPORADIC CASE CAUSES GREAT UNEASINESS BUT NO SERIOUS ALARM.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

KEY WEST, FLORIDA, July 4th, 1898.—The climate of Key West is not adapted to the regulation fire-cracker Fourth of July celebration of the North. There are a few pistol-shots and a base-ball game, and there would have been a good many hun-

dred "Jackies" on shore had something ominous not occurred last Friday night. A man died of yellow fever. He came off the *Yankee*, and was one of the New York naval reserves. But it is considered a sporadic case and quarantine will probably not be established. Nearly all the reporters left here on the boat for Miami Saturday night; a number of the residents left here last night for Tampa, on the steamer *Mascotte*; others are sending clothes away by express, so that if they pass the quarantine later on and wait ten days in the detention camp they will have a supply of wearing-apparel somewhere in the North which has not become discolored by fumigation. But the first fright has worn off; every one is calm and cheerful, and nobody expects the disease to spread. Nevertheless, most of the "Jackies" are kept aboard.

The man who died of yellow fever was in the base hospital here, which has been made out of the convent of the Sisters of the Holy Name. No known precaution for the prevention of infection has been omitted. A *post mortem* examination was held in order to establish the fact beyond a doubt. After this every stitch of clothing worn by doctors and attendants was burned and the rooms were thoroughly disinfected. This is the first case of yellow fever which has occurred in Key West for eleven years, and, notwithstanding the belief that the disease will not spread, all necessary preparations have been hurried forward. Saturday afternoon I drove out to the pest-house, a long, low, narrow building on the seashore, about a mile from Key West proper. It stands far apart from any human habitation, with the brush surrounding it on three sides, and on the fourth the beach, with the blue stretch of water beyond that separates us from Cuba! The pest-house has been used for small-pox, but now any cases of yellow fever which occur will be taken there at once. Two or three small extra buildings for attendants are being hastily erected. The road to the pest-house is so rough—nothing unusual in Key West—that it seems as if no sick person could live to go there, especially in the heavy, springless army ambulances. A move is almost always fatal to a yellow-fever patient.

ANNA NORTHEND BENJAMIN.

The Bravest Are the Tenderest.

AMENITIES OF WAR ILLUSTRATED BY THE CONDUCT OF OUR OFFICERS AND SAILORS AFTER CERVERA'S TERRIBLE DEFEAT—GLEAMS OF LIGHT AMONG THE SHADOWS OF A BLOODY BATTLE.

NOTHING could speak more impressively of the type of men who are fighting our battles on land and sea than the scenes depicted in the double-page of illustrations accompanying this number of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. They furnish another confirmation of the saying that "the bravest are the tenderest." The vanquished Spaniards that day before Santiago, wounded, and dying in the wreckage of their burning and battered ships, found our men no less prompt and ready in every gentle courtesy and kindly ministry, when the time and the opportunity came for such action, than they had been in giving them battle when that stern duty had been theirs.

Nothing more chivalrous is conceivable than the act of Captain Evans in refusing to receive the proffered sword of Captain Eulate, of the *Vizcaya*, when that officer stepped on board the *Iowa*, wounded and a prisoner. The Spaniard's cup of humiliation was already full to overflowing, and Captain Evans was not the man to needlessly add another drop. And so, the account runs, "he waved aside the sword with a friendly gesture and grasped the hand of the Spaniard and welcomed his brother officer to the hospitality of the ship." It is not surprising that Captain Eulate, brave man that he is, was deeply touched by this magnanimous action, and responded to it by asking to meet the *Iowa's* officers, to each of whom he gave a word of gratitude before he was carried below. Afterwards, Captain Eulate told Admiral Cervera that it was the proudest moment of his life when the gallant American commander allowed him to retain his treasured blade.

Another striking scene was enacted on the deck of the *Iowa* when Admiral Cervera came on board after being rescued in the surf by a boat from the *Gloucester*. The reception given to the veteran Spanish warrior could hardly have been heartier had he been one of our victorious leaders instead of a captive foe. The full marine guard was paraded, the bugles flourished a salute, and many hands were extended in cordial greeting.

The conduct and bearing of Cervera throughout all the sad and trying scenes since his downfall have been in perfect keeping with his chivalrous action in sending prompt assurance to our fleet of the safety of Lieutenant Hobson and his comrades, after the sinking of the *Merrimac*. He has borne himself like a true soldier and an honorable gentleman, being appreciative and quickly responsive to every act of kindness on the part of those around him. He is said to have been specially affected by the humanity and zeal displayed by our surgeons toward his wounded, and, in token of his appreciation, he gave to one of them, Dr. Crandall, his autograph, saying simply that he had no other souvenir to offer, having lost "all but his honor."

He showed the same appreciative sense when he thanked Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright and Lieutenant Huse, of the *Gloucester*, for the manner in which they had stood by the *Maria Teresa*, whose heated guns made a fearful danger zone, and whose magazine threatened to dash the life from every one near by. Cervera begged Lieutenant Huse to shove off from the flaming vessel, but that officer replied, "Not until we have taken all the wounded from the decks." It is not strange that Cervera's men were moved to tears when they were finally separated from their old commander at Portsmouth.

Another solemn and impressive scene was that on board the *Texas* just after the battle, when Captain Philip called upon his officers and men to uncover their heads and offer up "silent thanks to the Almighty," who had granted them the victory. In the same spirit were his words when he asked his men to refrain from cheering, because, he said, "men are dying all around us." This was the spirit, too, that animated all our gallant marines when, after the fighting ceased and victory had been achieved, they put forth every effort to rescue the wounded on the enemy's ships and those struggling in the waves. Others were saved from a cruel fate at the hands of the Cubans who lined the shore. The wounded were taken on board our ships and given every attention possible. The naked were clothed and the hungry fed.

General Wheeler.

Colonel Wood. General Lawton.

Colonel Roosevelt.



THE COUNCIL OF WAR BEFORE ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS MADE THEIR IRRESISTIBLE ONSLAUGHT ON THE SPANIARDS.



THE TWENTIETH INFANTRY ON THE MARCH, IN SINGLE FILE, ALONG THE NARROW ROAD TO CAMP AT SIBONEY.

ON THE EVE OF BATTLE AT SANTIAGO.

TAKEN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY BURR MCINTOSH, OF ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS.



AFTER BUGLE-CALL IN THE CAMP OF THE TWENTIETH INFANTRY—THE "ST. PAUL" IN THE DISTANCE IN SIBONEY HARBOR.



HAPPY CUBAN INSURGENTS RETURNING WITH THEIR BOOTY FROM A FORAGING TRIP.

A ROUGH RIDER'S PHOTOGRAPH

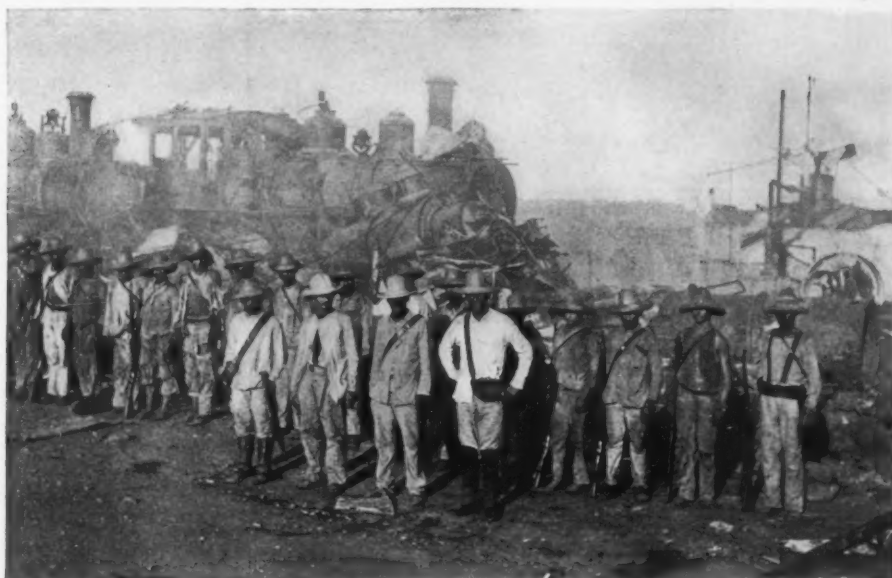
THESE INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY BURR MOORE.



THE ADVANCE ON SANTIAGO—ONE MINUTE AFTER THE ORDER TO "BREAK CAMP" WAS GIVEN AT NOON ON JUNE 23D.



ROUGH RIDERS AS THEY FELL IN THE BLOODY ENGAGEMENT OF JUNE 24TH—HAMILTON FISH TO THE LEFT—THEY DIED FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE.



CUBAN INSURGENTS EAGER TO RE-ENFORCE OUR TROOPS AFTER THE LANDING NEAR BAIQUIRI—RUINS OF ROUND-HOUSE, BURNED BY FLEEING SPANIARDS, IN BACKGROUND.



RAGGED CUBAN INSURGENTS ON THE TRAIL TO SEVILLA.



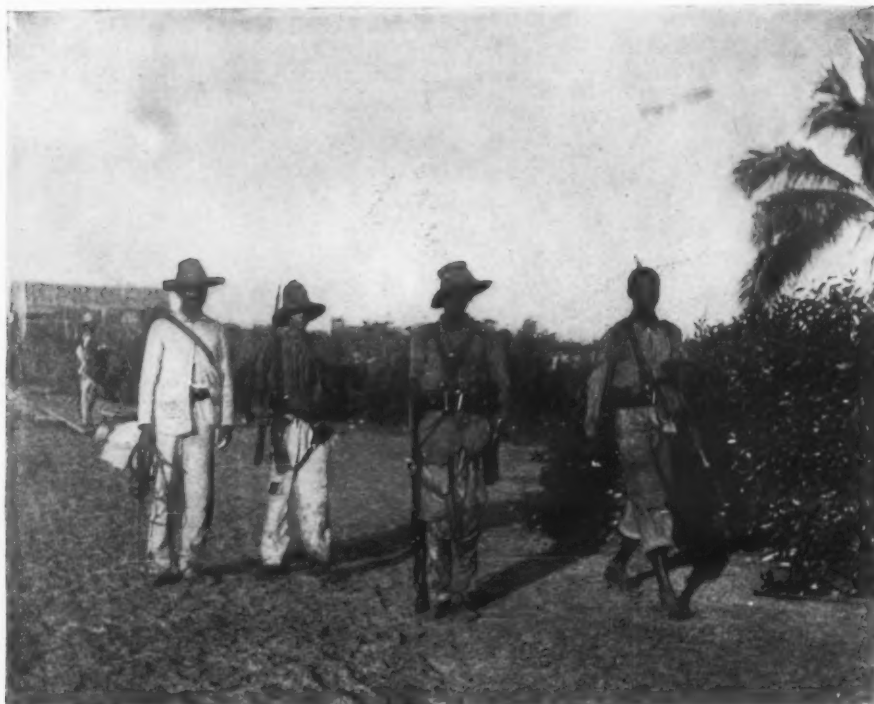
A TYPICAL INSURGENT—"IT IS THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN."

OTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT THE FRONT.

" BY BURR MCINTOSH, ONE OF THE MOST NOTED MEMBERS OF ROOSEVELT'S FAMOUS ROUGH RIDERS.



A NOTED INSURGENT FIGHTER, BIGERO CHARARILLE, COMMANDANT.



INSURGENT NONDESCRIPTS, AS THEY APPEARED REPORTING FOR DUTY.



NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS BREAKFASTING BEFORE THE ROUGH RIDERS HAD THEIR BLOODY ENGAGEMENT OF JUNE 24TH, IN WHICH EDWARD MARSHALL OF THE NEW YORK "JOURNAL," ONE OF THE PARTY, WAS TERRIBLY WOUNDED.



IMPROVISING A SHELTER IN A CACTUS AND PALMETTO FIELD.

FIRST AUTHENTIC PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE FRONT.

TAKEN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY BURR MCINTOSH, OF ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS.

About Richmond Pearson Hobson.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS AND REMINISCENCES OF HIS LIFE AND BOYHOOD BY A NEIGHBOR AND PLAYMATE—ALL ALABAMA WAITING TO WELCOME THE YOUNG SOUTHERN HERO HOME.

GREENSBORO, ALABAMA, July 11th, 1898.—Richmond Pearson Hobson was born and reared in Greensboro, Alabama, the county seat of Hale County, in the famous Black Belt region of this State. His father is James M. Hobson, who is an attorney at the Hale County Bar, and who was for three terms probate judge, and his mother was Miss Sally Croom Pearson, daughter of Chief Justice Pearson, of North Carolina. The home in which young "Rich" Hobson was born and spent the years of his boyhood is a noble old mansion, built by Colonel Isaac Croom, a wealthy planter in ante-bellum days, and whose wife was Mrs. Hobson's aunt. Since her death the Hobson family have owned and occupied it. It is in a beautiful grove at the west end of the main street, and commands a view up that noble driveway to the centre of the little town a mile distant. The premises are shaded with handsome forest trees, large magnolias, noble chestnut-and hickory-trees, which were the delight of all the neighboring boys when their ripe treasures yielded their abundance in the early days of October. Oaks from whose branches we hung our swings for athletic exercises, a large orchard where we ate our fill of apples, peaches, and scuppernon grapes, and down in the pasture—greatest joy of all—a little brook which by dint of constant clearing out and building of dams we made into a swimming-pool, in which "Rich" Hobson and his young playmates first learned to swim and dive until the water was too muddy for us to stay in it longer.

"Rich" has three brothers near his own age, one older and two younger, and besides these boys a cousin, who was one of the household in the days of his childhood. These boys were my playmates. My home and their home were the joint property of our boyhood. Not a tree in either place did we fail to climb or a rat-nest or rabbit-hole we did not explore. Greensboro was then the terminus of the Selma and Greensboro Railroad. Every morning the train ran to Selma and returned in the evening. One of young Hobson's great delights was to slip down to the

he believed Mr. Stickney had swallowed Shakespeare and the Bible whole. Sometimes the boy would surprise us by repeating word for word some long passage from Scott, Byron, or Cowper he had heard his teacher recite to the class. The greater part of Pope's "Essay on Man" was as familiar to us as the catechism. "Rich" used to gloat over the part beginning

"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind."

And, being very fond of dogs himself, he used to say he saw nothing wrong in the poor Indian's thinking that

"admitted to that equal sky.
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

In fishing and hunting he delighted. If he could not have a gun all his own, he was glad to have the use of the family muzzle-loader every other week, and, when there was no horse to ride, made nothing of tramping down to Millwood, on the Warrior River, ten miles away, after squirrels or cat-fish, according to whether it was the season for rod or gun. Miss Kate S. Boardman, now a teacher of the Greensboro Female College, was, I believe, young Hobson's first teacher. I was not with him there, but those who were devoted to him. In 1882 he entered the preparatory department of the Southern University, under Professor Charles A. Grote, now deceased. A year later he entered the collegiate department, and remained at school there until he received the appointment to enter the naval academy. While a student at the Southern University he was one of a party who visited the New Orleans exposition. We had strolled to the Canal Street wharf one Sunday evening and were looking at the ships anchored in the Mississippi, when we heard a man calling, "Visit the man-of-war for twenty-five cents!" Eagerly we jumped at the chance, and the little tug soon had us beside what was, to us, the grandest ship ever afloat, the old flag-ship *Tennessee*. A blue-jacket took us over the boat and answered Hobson's thousand questions and showed him everything that could be seen, while "Rich" seemed the picture of delight. He was then talking about his hopes of entering the navy. Some years after I asked him if he had seen the old *Tennessee*, and he laughed and said: "Why, that was an old tub, compared to the vessels we are building now."

The first thing "Rich" Hobson ever did to distinguish himself was the winning of the sophomore prize medal for declaiming at the Southern University. Ten of us spoke, and in making up our guess in advance of who would win we left "Rich" out of it. His selection was "The Curse of Regulus." After half of the speakers had taken their turn he rose. Full of the fire and zeal of Regulus himself, and flashing on the audience the hatred and loathing due the people of Carthage, he gave one of the most remarkable displays of true eloquence ever heard from school-boy lips. He sat down amid a storm of applause, and we all knew he had won and the gold medal was his. He prepared himself for his competitive examination for the cadetship at Annapolis under the tutelage of Professor Joel F. Sturdivant. I never saw any one so wrapped up in anything as he was in his studies at that time. One day while he was studying for examination I persuaded him to go fishing, and he promised he would if I would consent that he could take a book. I declined, and in spite of all that he spent the greater part of the day repeating from memory what he had been studying for the week before. He could not get his mind off his work.

Richmond Pearson Hobson is one of the most devoted sons I ever knew. Since he has been away from home, whether at Annapolis, in Paris, or wherever he might be, he has been a regular correspondent, and never fails to write to his father and mother. His visits home are looked forward to with delight, as all love to meet and talk to our gallant young lieutenant. The statement that he owes his appointment to Secretary—then Congressman—Herbert is an error. He won his appointment in a competitive examination and was appointed by the late Colonel Alexander C. Davidson, then representing the Fourth District of Alabama. If he ever had a sweetheart in Greensboro I don't know it; in fact, he never spent much time with the fair sex when he was a boy, and since then has only been at home on brief visits. About three years ago, while he was at home on a visit, I remember hearing him speak of the battleship *Kearsarge*, which was to be built. He remarked then that they ought to build a companion ship to her and call her the *Alabama*. When the news of his exploit at Santiago reached his home people, the citizens of Greensboro immediately petitioned Secretary Long to have him made captain of the *Alabama* when she is ready.

Ask any one who knew "Rich" Hobson as a boy, and you will receive about the same answer: He was one of the manliest, most dutiful, and thoroughly sincere boys ever known. His career was not at all out of the ordinary in his boyhood, but he showed that he had a fine mind, strong will, and ambition without limit. That he would go into the face of death itself we did not doubt, and we rejoice that his fame has so suddenly been won.

His return to Alabama will be an ovation.

H. G. BENNERS, Editor Alabama Beacon.

Financial—Wall-Street Tips.

WHEN wheat was selling at \$3 per bushel speculators in grain were predicting all sorts of ridiculous prices for wheat, corn, grain, and provisions. The stock-market even caught the infection, and yet all of a sudden, one morning, it was discovered

that wheat really was worth only about half the price at which it had been selling. I have been expecting that something like this might happen to the stock-market unexpectedly, in the midst of the boom manipulated by cliques, bankers, and brokers. I do not believe that stocks are ridiculously high, but they certainly seem to be inflated—some of the speculative ones in particular.

"T. D.," Cincinnati, Ohio: Texas Pacific seconds have something behind them warranting their rise. Several years ago the late Jay Gould told me that these bonds were destined ultimately to sell much higher. They were then selling at about 30. This prediction of a rise has been made repeatedly since, and there has been curiosity to understand precisely upon what it has been based. Developments in connection with the bonds, no doubt, will be made in due time.

"R. F.," Brooklyn: Northern Pacific offers a good chance for speculation, and I would seize an opportunity to buy it if the market sells off. "L. F.," Philadelphia, says: "I am told that the Vanderbilt securities offer the best form of investment. Do you think so?" Some of the Vanderbilt securities do. It is always easy to put up the Vanderbilt shares, because they are so largely dealt in and believed in on both sides of the Atlantic. Again, it is not difficult for the Vanderbilt interests to so shape their various properties as to give one or another an advantage that will largely advance its price. It is said that some such operation in reference to New York Central is under way, and that it is expected to put the price of this stock as high as Lake Shore is now.

"L. C.," Brooklyn: The New York offices of the railroad you mention can be found in the city directory. Or, you have simply to address a letter to the local ticket-agent at New York.

"W.," Whitney's Point, New York, says: "Allow me to say that your good words for American Cable stock I consider well founded. If not gilt-edged, the stock is a prime investor." W. asks if Wagner Palace Car stock at 165 is not a most excellent five-per-cent. security. I think it is. It has paid two per cent. per quarter for several years past, and is largely held by the Vanderbilt interests.

"G.," Chicago, Illinois: I have been unable to obtain the information you seek in reference to Chicago Metropolitan Elevated (West Side) bonds. I advise you to consult some local financier. Perhaps the president of your bank can direct you wisely.

"T.," New York: Bay State Gas is so cheap that a great many speculators have been taking a "flyer" in it, just as they would buy a lottery ticket. Any stock selling at \$3 or \$4 per share must have the bottom pretty nearly knocked out of it. If the insiders who control it combine, they can dictate its future and give it a value by rehabilitation. Or they can assess it under the processes of reorganization, or wipe it out, if that would better suit their purposes. What these insiders will do, only the insiders can tell. On general principles I do not believe in gambling, even on Wall Street.

"W.," Phoenixville, Pennsylvania: The Choctaw, Oklahoma and Gulf Railroad preferred stock is not dealt in to any extent in New York. It is one of the Philadelphia exchange commodities, and an effort has recently been made to advance both the Choctaw stocks. The data in reference to the bonded debt you can find in "Poor's Manual." A copy of this book will no doubt be shown you by your broker. The earnings of the Choctaw thus far this year show a large increase over those of last year. But earnings sometimes are the result of methods of book-keeping. Stocks selling at the price of Choctaw preferred are not considered an investment. Stocks at that price are always speculative in character. (2) A cumulative stock is one which is entitled to its specified dividend whenever it can be paid. A cumulative preferred stock upon which no dividends have been declared, say for three years, would be entitled to three years' full dividends before the common stock could get anything. JASPER.

Life-Insurance Questions.

"H.," Prescott, Arizona, writes that he was insured with the Northwestern Life Assurance Company, of Chicago, for \$10,000, at the age of thirty-two years, and was promised that the assessments would never be more than \$100 per year, and that the last increase would be made when he was forty-eight. He is now fifty, and says: "This June comes another raise at the rate of \$270 per year. They now wish me to change my policy to the new ordinary-life plan, and ask me to make this transfer to avoid the great increase that will come should I live to be an old man." This is the old, old story of assessment insurance! Low rates at the beginning, with all sorts of promises that they never will be much higher, and then, when the insured reaches about fifty, a heavy increase or the offer of a new form of policy, with the statement that if it be not accepted the assessments will be heavily increased. I have pointed out that in the old-line companies, as the age increases, dividends are applied so as to reduce the annual payments. It is much easier to start out with a larger payment and get the benefit of a reduction later on than to have the burden light at the start and heavy with the approach of old age; and that is the difference between the old-line and the assessment companies. The Northwestern, of Chicago, in its last annual report, includes these items: "Losses on post-mortem policies, due and unpaid, \$2,916; adjusted and not due, \$195,000; losses on post-mortem policies not adjusted, \$165,000; resisted, \$10,000." It also reports "losses and claims paid, scaled down, and compromised during 1897, \$1,788,000," and "losses and claims outstanding unpaid, December 31st, \$474,000." I had much rather have a small policy in one of the great New York companies, like the Mutual, the New York Life, or the Equitable, than a large policy with the same cost in any assessment concern.

"X.," Madison, Wisconsin: I think the National Premium Life Insurance Company, of Madison, Wisconsin, does not do business in New York State. I cannot find that it has made a report to our State insurance department. You can no doubt obtain the figures from your State superintendent of insurance.

"E.," Montclair, New Jersey, says: "I have been a member for a number of years of the Order of the Golden Chain and am tired of paying assessments." He incloses a circular from the supreme commander, which advises the members of a new assessment, and adds that "the prosperity and perpetuity of our order depend largely upon our growth in membership." This is precisely what I have said again and again with reference to assessment concerns. They live on their new membership, because as members grow older and die, they must either increase their assessments or add largely to their income by taking in new members. The Golden Chain reported at the close of last year a balance of \$2,413, and an aggregate due from members of over \$39,000. It also reported losses and claims unpaid at the end of the year of \$46,500, or nearly ten times the amount of its total invested assets. Comment is unnecessary.

"S.," Minneapolis, Minnesota: The policy of the Life Assurance Company of America which you inclose, as you will see by examining it, only gives an "estimate" of the value of your policy if certain options are accepted. There is no guarantee of any kind in this "table of estimates," and I am always afraid of policies that do not guarantee something. This company does no business in New York State, and I cannot get the data respecting its last annual report.

"L.," Cleveland, sends me specimen "bonds" of the State Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Illinois, and says: "You are doing a most commendable work for the public, and I read LESLIE'S WEEKLY with interest." The bond scheme submitted by "L." makes on its face the preposterous offer of over 100 per cent. interest to the bondholders. The circular says that it offers an opportunity "to make more money than you ever dreamed of making in the same length of time with the same amount of money invested." Need I say that any scheme that offers to pay a man 100 per cent. interest in, on its face, questionable? I certainly should not care to engage in such an enterprise. The State Mutual Life Insurance Company is not under the supervision of the insurance department of Springfield, Illinois. It has not made the required deposit of \$100,000 with the insurance department, and it is not engaged in the insurance business. I desire my readers to fully understand the nature of the case.

"D.," Gardiner, Maine: The Equitable Life and Endowment Association, of Waterloo, Iowa, does no business in this State, and I am unable to give you any information regarding it. Why not address the superintendent of insurance of the State of Iowa, at Des Moines?

"D.," Chase's Lake, New York: The Empire Insurance Company, of New York, is a small assessment concern, with a total income last year of only \$96,000. It reported losses and claims outstanding and unpaid last December of \$51,000, which is a larger amount than the aggregate of its assets reported. Need I say any more?

"B.," Dubuque, Iowa: The Provident Savings Life Assurance Society is a stock company doing not as large a business as many other companies, and reporting in its last report death losses, due and unpaid, in process of adjustment, adjusted and not due, reported without proofs and resisted, amounting to over \$250,000, or within nearly \$100,000 of its gross divisible surplus. I would prefer insurance in one of the great New York companies.

The Hermit.

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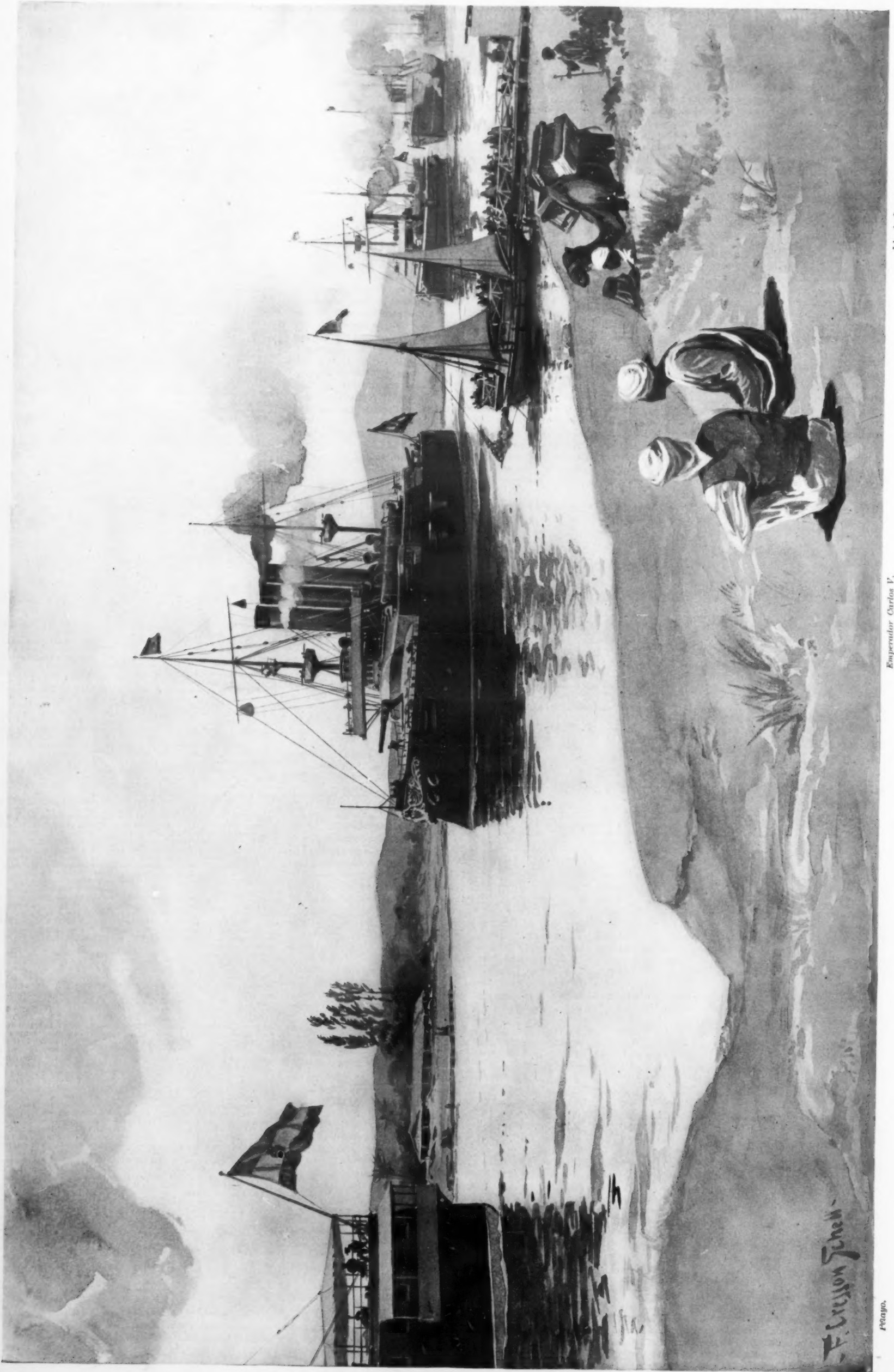


Joseph M. Hobson, brother. James M. Hobson, J., brother.
James M. Hobson, father. Mrs. James M. Hobson, mother.
Miss Annie Hobson, sister. Miss Florence Hobson, sister.
Little negro. Maggie Hobson, sister. Miss Futorile, visitor. Old servant.
GROUP ON STEPS OF HOBSON'S RESIDENCE, GREENSBORO, ALABAMA.

depot in the evening and help the train crew, the help consisting in riding up and down on the switch-engine until the time came to turn it, and then how he used to push away at that old turntable lever until she swung clear around and headed for Selma once more! We boys were more hinderance than help, but we thought we were "the whole thing." The station-agent allowed us the run of the freight depot, and one of our feats was to swing hand-over-hand from one side of the room to the other on the iron rods which were used to brace the building. "Rich" was the little boy of the crowd, and we thought he would break his neck, but he never gave up until he had made the trip once, and even twice, his little legs dangling in the air and his hands all blisters.

He was fond of kites as any of us, but could not make one that would fly. However, he always managed to coax the agent into making him a kite that was better than any the boys could make. Once, in our explorations of the pasture, we found a wasps'-nest and determined we wanted it, to use the "young wasps," as "Rich" called them, for fish-bait. The "wasps" did not like "Rich's" attack and stung the little fellow freely. Nothing daunted, he wore out all the switches in reach trying to dislodge the wasps'-nest, and finally took off his little hat and broke the nest off from the tree and carried it off in triumph to the house, where he applied for soda to relieve his stings. "Rich" Hobson and all the boys went barefooted all summer, and sometimes in winter; not from poverty, but because our parents thought it made us hardier. Barefooted, we used to "run tournaments," a sport whose object was to catch rings which we hung from poles, three in a line, on the point of our lances, which were merely sharpened sticks. We went by fanciful names. "Rich" was either "Brian du Bois Guilbert," "Ivanhoe," or "Richard Cœur de Leon." I don't know which, but he took as many rings as any of the rest.

He was a most excellent Sunday-school boy. Our teacher was Mr. Charles L. Stickney, superintendent of St. Paul's Episcopal Sunday School for twenty-five years; a man of great force of character and fond of his boys. His custom was to make the boys commit to memory a hymn and the collect for each Sunday. The regular lesson we usually read over in class and listened to a lecture by our teacher, whose rich fund of intellectual stores was nothing short of marvelous. "Rich" used to say



P. Mayo.

Emperador Carlos V.

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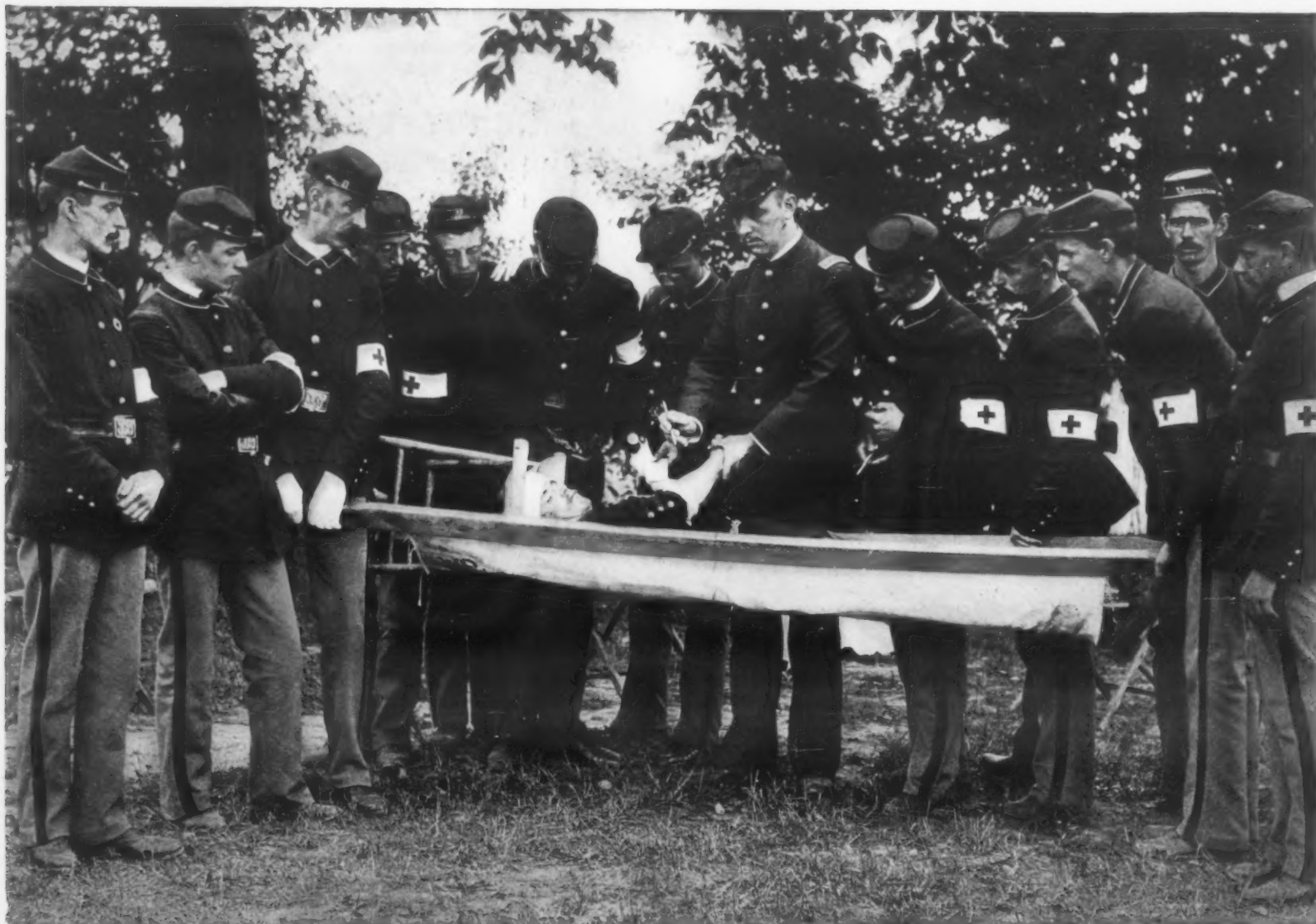
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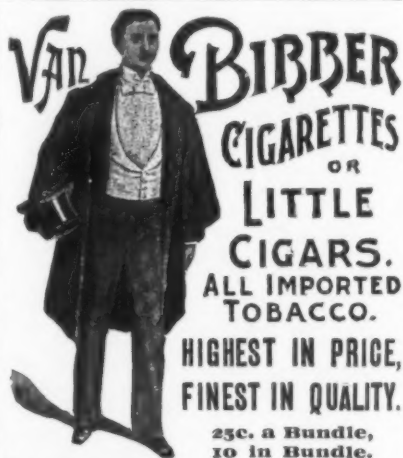
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